2

傭兵ピエール

原作 佐藤賢一
作画 野口賢

Cover design kikashi suenaga

YJ ヤンジャン YJC

傭兵ピエール 2

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YJ ヤンジャン YJC

15世紀、百年戦争下のフランス。戦乱の時代の申し子、無頼の傭兵隊長ピエールが略奪の途中で出会った少女の名はジャンヌ・ダルク。この聖女に導かれピエールはイギリス軍との戦場へ赴く。オルレアン解放を目指し難攻不落のトゥーレル砦の攻略を開始したフランス軍。ピエールとジャンヌの運命は…？

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傭兵ピエール
原作・佐藤賢一　作画・野口賢

CHARACTER[傭兵ピエール]登場人物

ラ・ピュセル

聖女ジャンヌ・ダルク。神の啓示を受けた救世主としてフランス王国の危機を救うべく戦場に立つ。その不思議な能力で兵士達を勝利に導く。

ピエール

本作の主人公。大貴族の私生児ながら、傭兵隊「アンジューの一角獣」を率い「シェフ殺し」の異名を持つ。ラ・ピュセルの処女を買う約束をした。

ニコ

傭兵隊で一番の下っ端。鳥の世話係。

オリヴィエ

ニコの幼なじみ。同じく[illegible]。

トマ

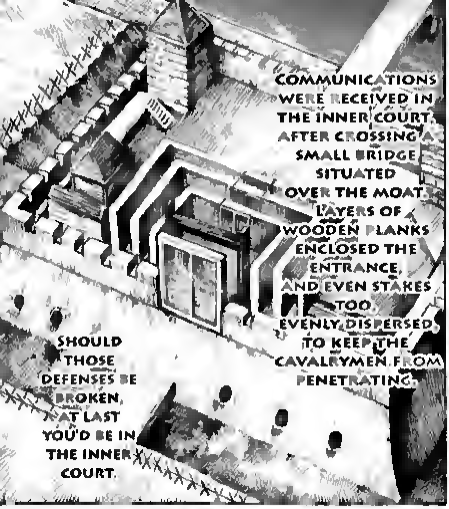
商家出身で、規律を重んじる傭兵隊の会計役。実直に財産を管理運営する手腕に秀でる。好色漢な一面も[illegible]。

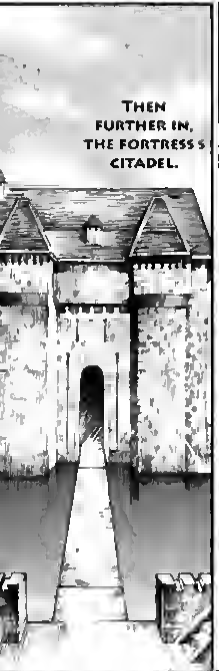
ジャン

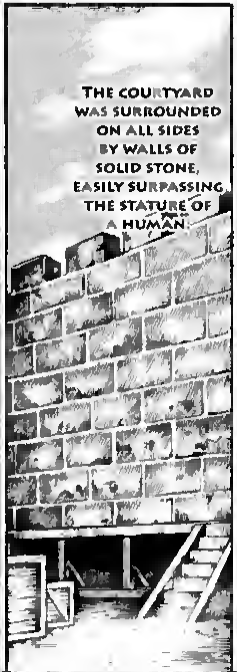
傭兵隊ではピエールに次ぐ、シェフ代理の地位にある。戦場での指揮はピエールに全幅の信頼を置かれている。

ヴィヴェット

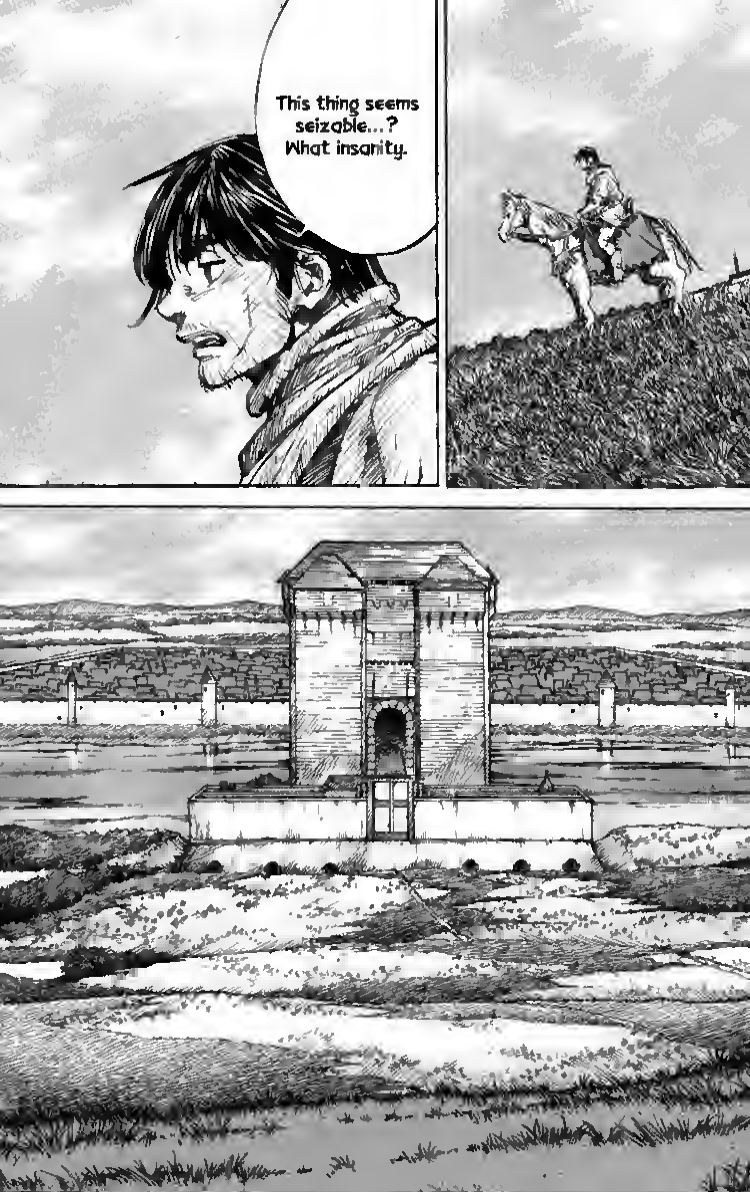
ピエールの傭兵隊が略奪した村の少女。家族を失いピエール達に同行し、積極的にピエールの身の回りの世話を[illegible]。


COMMUNICATIONS WERE RECEIVED IN THE INNER COURT, AFTER CROSSING A SMALL BRIDGE SITUATED OVER THE MOAT. LAYERS OF WOODEN PLANKS ENCLOSED THE ENTRANCE, AND EVEN STAKES TOO, EVENLY DISPERSED, TO KEEP THE CAVALRYMEN FROM PENETRATING.
SHOULD THOSE DEFENSES BE BROKEN, AT LAST YOU'D BE IN THE INNER COURT.


THEN FURTHER IN, THE FORTRESS'S CITADEL.


THE COURTYARD WAS SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY WALLS OF SOLID STONE, EASILY SURPASSING THE STATURE OF A HUMAN.

THE LAST OF THE OBJECTIVES FOR THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE LIBERATION OF ORLEANS WAS TOURELLES FORTRESS.
AND FROM A DISTANCE, IT GAVE OFF THE FEELING OF BEING IMPREGNABLE.
CHAPTER 7


This thing seems seizable...? What insanity.

CHAPTER 7

Izumo no Ryuu
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Ey, Put Rossi in the stables for me.
Be sure to give 'er water and oats and brush 'er too.
Where's Nicoh? He always takes care of 'er for me.
I haven't seen him today.
"Where" you ask...? To scout out Tourel fortress of course.
CH... NOW WHENEVER I GO OUT THIS HAPPENS!
By the way Chief, where might you have gone? Hmmmm?

Ah, welcome back Chief.
Where'd everyone go off to?
They took the women shopping.
WHAT'S WITH THESE INQUIRING GAZES OF THEIRS...
...ALL BECAUSE OF THAT DAY...
I MUST HAVE ENDED UP DO'N IT WITH LOUISE FIVE TIMES...
AND BECAUSE MY MOTIVE FOR SEND'N 'ER AWAY WAS WHOLLY SELFISH, I CAN'T JUSTIFY IT TO 'EM...

BUT JEAN JUST KEEPS BABBLIN ON ABOUT IT.
It's a woman!! A woman, I tell ya!! Isn't that always the reason for his absences?!
OF COURSE, THEY SHOULDN'T EVEN KNOW ANYTH'N HAPPENED...
IF THE MEN WERE IN COMPLETE CONTROL LIKE BEFORE, I'D BE ABLE TO BOAST ABOUT THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN I HAD AND RUN MY MOUTH ALL I WANTED.
Good work with the shop'n.
SO I CAN'T BLAME 'EM FOR THINK'N MY DONS ARE DEVIOUS.
I came to grab a change a clothes.
Huh, uh, just a bit past the horse carts.
Where are you off to, Chief?

AAA
Guess I'll go take a bit of a nap, then.
Oh, thanks.

What? Is're someth'n I got t'do?
I was going to do some laundry, so can I have anything of yours that's dirty?
SHE IS A WOMAN WHO DOES WHAT SHE S TOLD AND NEVER MAKES A SCENE.
IS IT CAUSE SHE WANTS A FREE MEAL? A HARD WORK'N ONE TNAT GIRL IS
HER NAME IS VIVET.
YET BEFORE HE REALIZED IT, SHE WAS ALWAYS BY HIS SIDE.

IN ALLEN-VILLE.
How beautiful. Ain't this just sublime.
I'd be less than shocked if Christ descended on this very night.
THEY FIRST MET.

Who's there!?

Who're you?
I'm... vivet...
Don' know tha' name.

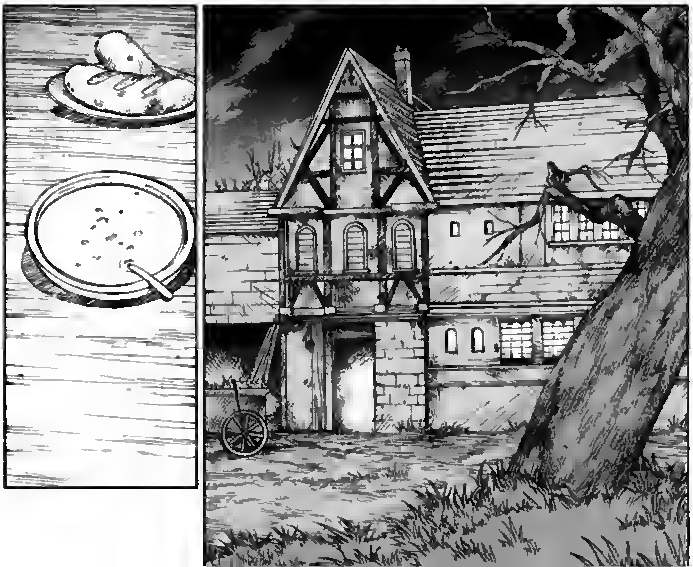
So, what business do ya have with me?
Ah... now that ya mention it, we did capture a pair of unattractive sisters, didn't we.
I was taken from Saint Charlette's village the day before yesterday...
Huh?
I... I'm unsure... about what I should do...
Ya, I'm Pierre.
Ya- You are Sir Pierre, the leader, are you not?
To see me!?
I was told I should come see you.

So I didn't know what to do. .
Someone took my younger sister... Anne, and I was left all alone in the horse cart.
I couldn't just run after her, but even if I did, I didn't know what road she was taken on, and outside it was cold and the rain was falling - But all the mercenaries looked scary...
Come in.
Don't cry, don't cry. It must have been hard on you.

110
Whq?
Um...
Pierre sir...
I, um...

Jeez, how old are ya?
Sixteen.
Ya gotta think about how ya can make 'em happy instead.
Ya think ya can attract a man at an age like that?

PROBABLY BECAUSE IT FELT LIKE THE SAFEST PLACE TO HER.
FROM THAT NIGHT ONWARD, SHE'S STUCK CLOSE TO PIERRE AND NEVER STRAYED FROM HIS SIDE.
YET, FOR PIERRE'S CHEST TO BE CONSIDERED A SAFE PLACE, WHAT AN UNUSUAL THING THAT WAS.
BUT EVEN MORE THAN THAT, IT WAS AN ALLURE THE MERCENARY TROOP LEADER, FEARED AS "THE CHIEF BUTCHER," POSSESSED



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Here, dip this in yer gruel.
Hey! Wha's wrong...?
AA

パン
トクトク
ス
BUT FOR A SOUTHERN FRENCH WOMAN, THE NORTHERN
THE MEN WERE STILL HARD TO FULLY COMPREHEND.
VIVET FINALLY REALIZED SHE WAS BEING GIVEN BREAD.

And yer as drunk as always, Antoine.
WHA'S THIS!? I SEE YER STILL ALIVE AS EVER, PIERRE!!
Ah!!
I DON' NEED TA 'EAR THA' FROM THE LIKES A YOU!!
BUT THE REAL PLAN WAS "PARTAKE IN HIGH-GRADE ALCOHOL AND PUT THE NEXT OBJECTIVE OUT OF MIND."
ON THAT NIGHT, PER THE SUGGESTION OF THE MERCENARY TROOP, THE MAIN ARMY SET UP CAMP IN AUGUSTIN FORTRESS
ゴッ
Ya bastard!!

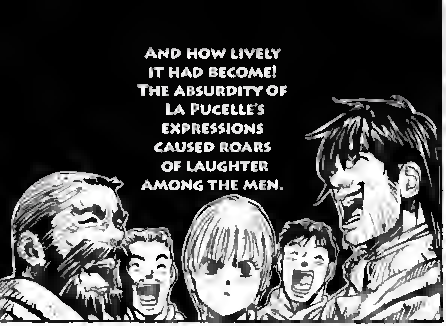
Oh, I was out for a bit.
Weren' ya the one who invited me for drink'n at the lodg'n house the other day?
YA LOUT!!
I could never stomach ya, even dipped in gruel!!
"It's obviously a woman," he said ta me!!
Wha's this "For a bit" crap, you stud!? Tom didn' reveal anyth'n specific but tha' Jean, all full of 'imself, sure had 'is fill ta say.
Am I tha' bad of one?
Yer woman philandering'll never change, will't.
Well, even if I did ge' killed, it'd be from one I'd had before tha' I enjoyed.
Not jus' bad, yer so weak agains' 'em, ya wouldn' need a knife ta kill ya.

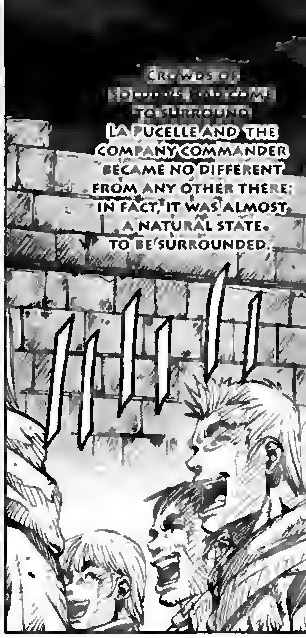
Sir Pierre.
La Pucelle!!
Hoho.
A fair-skinned blond one... with breasts like works of ivory.
You must be exhausted. Have some, Sir Pierre
ENCOURAGING VOICE.
RICHER WITH THE SAVIOR AROUND.

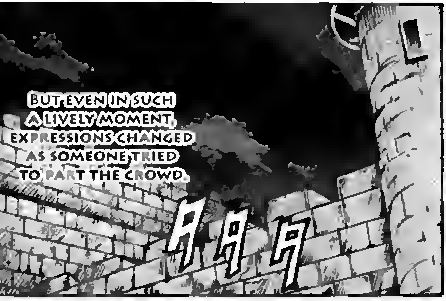
Sir Pierre likes it then?
Well, I don't dislike't.

But drinking anything larger is intolerable!!
A small amount is fine...
Wh... why!?
The way [illegible] with that [illegible] of her's made it sound as if only unhappiness dominated this world.
Which is why I refuse to admire a man who drinks copious amounts of alcohol.
He was a hard working man but when drink entered him he'd become violent and beat his wife and children. The family's problems turned to rumor and swept throughout the village.
Suddenly she launched into telling, in a very serious tone, the story of a certain man who lived in her village. He was a heavy alcoholic and his family was at a loss about what to do with him.

Why do you laugh?!
Marriage would be out of the question.
Wha' if yer fiance drank?
...It would be all too obvious before we said our vows.
Yer already 'is wife and ya find out, wha' then?
You can't coun' on a priest.
It would. A Catholic priest can tell the merit of a person and would be in opposition to such a horrid match.
Because if he's any kin' a man, he'd be a drunkard jus' like the rest!!


And how lively it had become! The absurdity of La Pucelle's expressions caused roars of laughter among the men.


Crowds of [illegible] to surround
La Pucelle and the company commander became no different from any other there; in fact, it was almost a natural state to be surrounded.


But even in such a lively moment, expressions changed as someone tried to part the crowd.
AAA

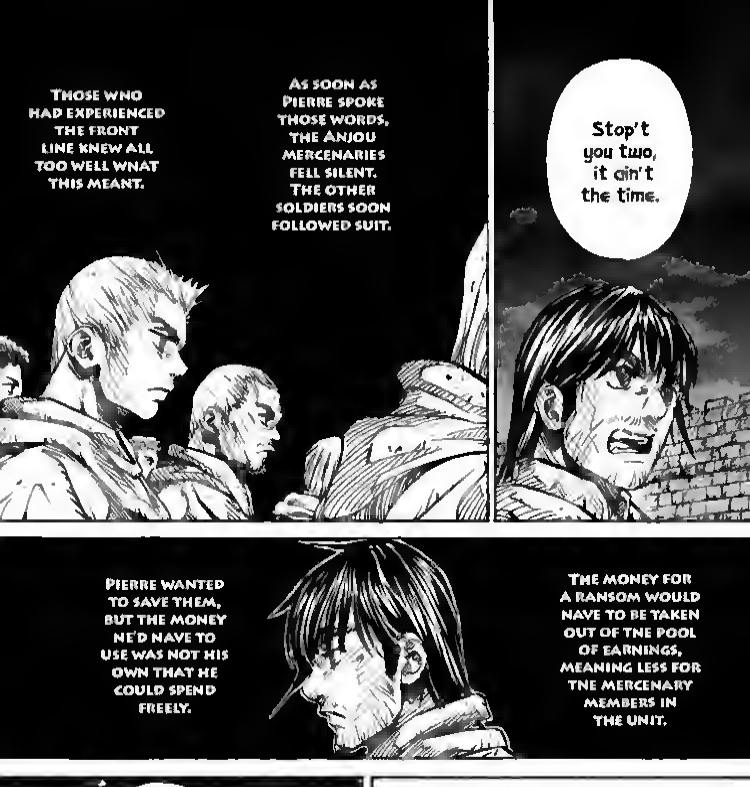
What's wrong, Jacque? Why're ya so pale?

This isn't the time to be drinking so haphazardly.
Ch-chief.

Commander! Commander Pierre!

Wha!?
Nicoh and Olivier haven't returned... We've looked, but we're sure now.
They've been taken as prisoners of war.
AND WERE CAPTURED BY THE ENGLISH, MISTAKEN AS NOBLE SONS OF NIGH ARISTOCRACY.
THE TWO BOYS HAD VENTURED OUT IN SOME OF THE ARMOR GAINED FROM BATTLE.
What are you gonna do, Boss? Just abandon them?
They'll be found out in no time.
They don't look the part nor do they have the education.

"Are you just gonna abandon them?" or something like that that'd go straight yo your heart
I'd never get caught as a prisoner of war I'm not that stupid and it's always the pompous Jean who makes this kind of trouble
Jean, thin' abou' yer words a bit before ya speak'em!!
Wha' was tha'!? A' leas' I understand Pierre's feel'ns!!
Silence, Antoine. Your men mean nothing to you.
You only move that self-righteous mouth of yours when it doesn't concern you.
Umph. I get it. You wanna be Chief, you short-haired bastard.


Those who had experienced the front line knew all too well what this meant.
As soon as Pierre spoke those words, the Anjou mercenaries fell silent. The other soldiers soon followed suit.
Stop't you two, it ain't the time.

Pierre wanted to save them, but the money he'd have to use was not his own that he could spend freely.
The money for a ransom would have to be taken out of the pool of earnings, meaning less for the mercenary members in the unit.

You can't just simply abandon someone.
It fell to Pierre to make the decision to heartlessly abandon them.
And the portions had already been decided in cases like these.

We're all comrades following God's will after all.
We should help each other. To abandon someone is an act of cowardice.
I'll lend my help, Sir Pierre.
You can earn money anytime,
but a person's life cannot be replaced.

His inebriation had now completely worn off.
With that, Pierre felt as if he'd learned a found argument never before uttered in this world.
Then I'll go enter into negotiations!!
You're right.

CHAPTER 8

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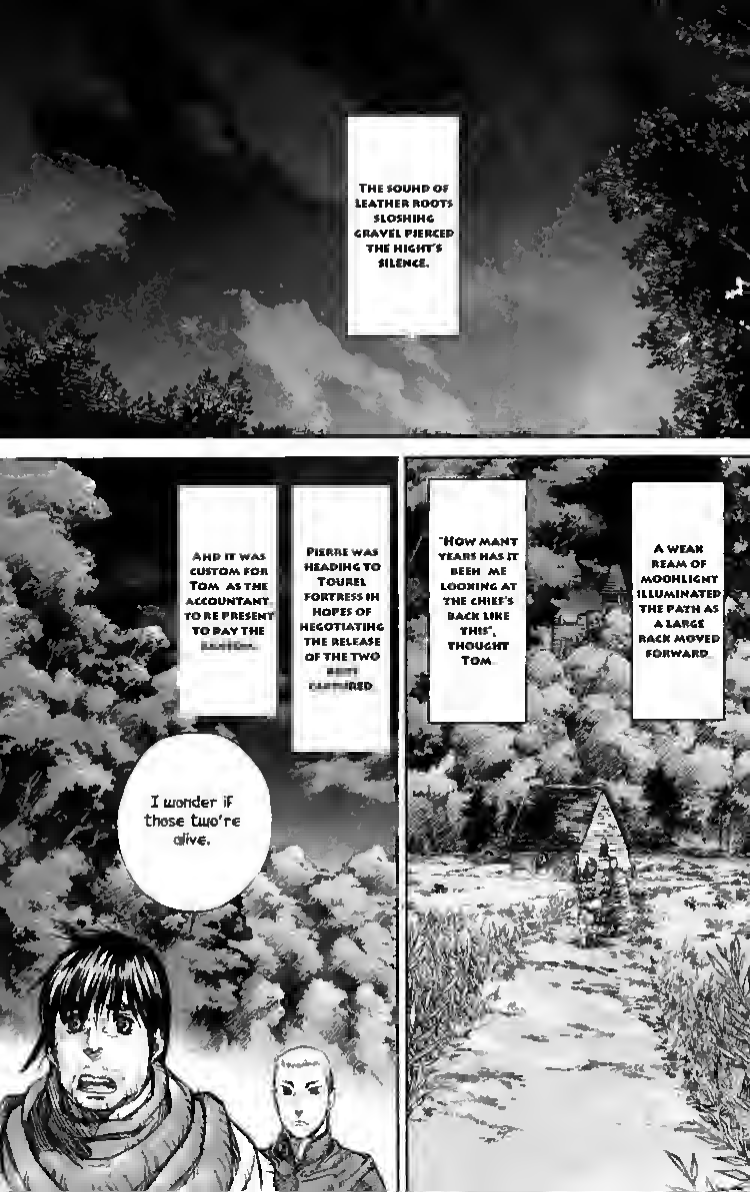

THE SOUND OF LEATHER BOOTS SLOSHING GRAVEL PIERCED THE NIGHT'S SILENCE.
A WEAK BEAM OF MOONLIGHT ILLUMINATED THE PATH AS A LARGE RACK MOVED FORWARD.
"HOW MANY YEARS HAS IT BEEN ME LOOKING AT THE CHIEF'S BACK LIKE THIS", THOUGHT TOM.
PIERRE WAS HEADING TO TOUREL FORTRESS IN HOPES OF NEGOTIATING THE RELEASE OF THE TWO [illegible] CAPTURED.
AND IT WAS CUSTOM FOR TOM AS THE ACCOUNTANT TO BE PRESENT TO PAY THE [illegible].
I wonder if those two're alive.

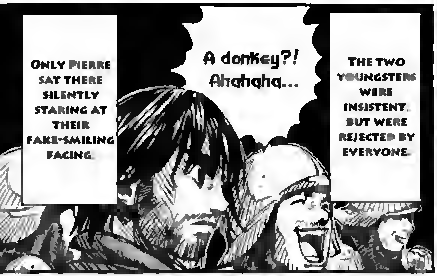
From my guess, they'll demand a ransom equal to a lancer for such low quality captives as Nicoh and Oliver.
IN ANY CASE THEY WERE HOPING TO HAVE THE TWO BOYS RETURNED TO THEM.
But we are in an inferior position so it's likely we'll get overcharged.
They should be alright. But they did get captured wearing that high-class armor.
PIERRE'S BELLY COULDN'T TAKE THE IDEA.
TOM HAD ALL INTENTION OF OPPOSING TO PAY
IF THEY DID ASK FOR AN UNWARRANTED AMOUNT.
He probably thinks the world of them right now. Probably worried. But in the end, he knows what decisions he has to make.
We shouldn't have to exert much to get kids like them back though.
Even so, Chief won't abandon them...

Nicoh and Oliver were childhood friends living all alone in a village annihilated by The Black Plague.
It wasn't so long ago that they met the two boys.
They'd say nothing and smile. With all their might they'd smile and follow after the mercenary troop.
But... they had a pitiful smile.
They were nothing but a burden.

However far,
however long they'd follow after them.
Of course, Tom ignored them.
Jean paid them no heed.
But Pierre would intermittently look behind in worry
And at last raised his voice.
If yer follow'n us ta make friends,
Well... ya'd best give up.

Yer orphans right? Surely St. Jerome would take pity on ya.
We ain't the poor relief.
Even if yer useless with good intention, don't mean ya can follow us aroun'.
We're not useless! Let us take care of your horses!!
Yeah, we can brush'em and feed'em!!

We can be donkeys you can raise!!


Only Pierre sat there silently staring at their fake-smiling facing.
A donkey?! Ahahaha...
The two youngsters were insistent, but were rejected by everyone.

Go back where you came, we don't have the time to be buddy buddy with mere children!!
We're not play'n around!!

If they chose to abandon these children, they'd probably become wolf feed. For that was the law of the era.

How terribly frightening it was that these criminals had a chance to make a godly decision concerning their fate.

A fake smile. Even Tom could see their pitiful attempts at holding back the tears behind those smiles of theirs.

How generous...
But before he had said a word, the two boys had already grabbed hold of the horse's reins.
If the horses go weak, we'll shoot ya two dead!!
So Pierre spoke up
For when his companions increased, Pierre felt he could be even more ferocious
Even at this point, Tom was noticing things about Pierre. Whenever he'd gain a comrade his good nature would show up. He'd suddenly become charitable. But in actuality, it was really a smart, financial decision for him.

For Tom this was a marvel, that a man could be so bold, after all, he'd been born into the usual merchant household.
Does he have no heart?
And with a stone-cold face
Pillaging. Robbery. Abduction. Blackmail. Rape. Slave trade; he'd do it all.

The chief's kindness,

seems to treasure his underlings...

can't not be said... but,

In retrospect, Pierre's still that bold man even now. Tom didn't know anyone Pierre did give a care to. But his comrades seemed important to him...

That's what you learn from these kinds of groups...

I can only be sure of that because I'm of use to him, there's no question about that. But those who no longer are get cut down....

Tom thought, I'll give up to twenty écu for Nicon and Oliver's sake.

I can only be me...

While staring at Pierre's back

TOUREL FORTRESS
Hey!
Could we get a couple English out here?

I am Pierre, illegitimate son of De La Flute.
Who comes calling at this hour?!
Serv'n in his highness's army as company commander.
No, it's not about that. As you can see, we're the only two here,
A company commander? What business do you have with our master? It's unlikely you were invited to the dinner party.
with no intention of caus'n harm to your army.

We've come call'n to see about get'n 'em back
Your army should've captured a pair of my men
Then what business have you?
Their names?!
Ahahaha!! Those guys?!
Nicholas Richefeu and Oliver Biller.
Kahahaha. So it seems. Kuku... Kekeke.
It's about those guys?! Nicholas and Oliver, bahahaha!!

You can begin negotiations immediately.
Not a thing... Kuku... I apologize. Kuku, we'll bring them out.
Who's so Funny?!!
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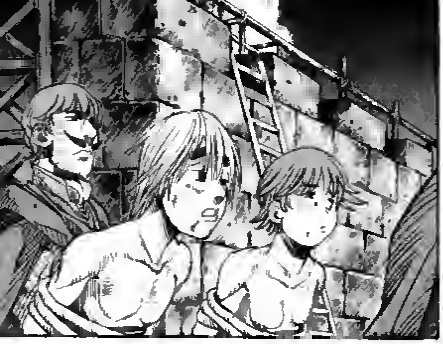
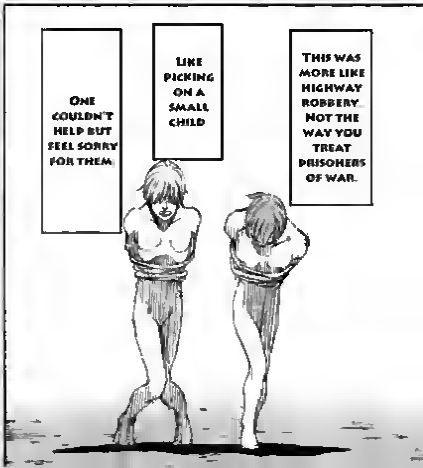


Those two did walk around with tha' high-class armor on, but to take it this far and strip them of all their clothes...

I assume you've come with money prepared.

Of course we have.


ONE COULDN'T HELP BUT FEEL SORRY FOR THEM.
LIKE PICKING ON A SMALL CHILD
THIS WAS MORE LIKE HIGHWAY ROBBERY. NOT THE WAY YOU TREAT PRISONERS OF WAR.

Uhuun.
It should be quite clear to nobles such as yourselves but the value of those two isn't much.
But being captives, I'll pay five ecu a piece.
But fifty is more than reasonable.
You take us for fools?!
Wha' was tha'?!

Even though a hundred ecu for two people isn't that much, I refuse to pay it.
If we did, we'd basically be working for free next time.
That's an abhorrent amount, Chief.
Then wha' about twenty for the both of them? We won' pay a copper more!!
If we cannot obtain a reasonable price for the two of you, being now bankrupted of all your possessions, you will pay restitution
Fuhe! Kekeke. Your cold-hearted commander wishes even more misfortune to the both of you.

What?! If you can kill us, go ahead and try!!
It's a duel! If it's one on one, we won't lose to the likes of you!!
Crying and whining won't get you anywhere.
Isn't that right, Sir Pierre.
That's the rule.
What rule?! If a hostage swears not to run away, they should be kept in courteous protection, right?!
And yet you've unscrupulously tak'n off even their underwear, and demand an outrageous ransom.
Do ya even feel an ounce of shame?!!

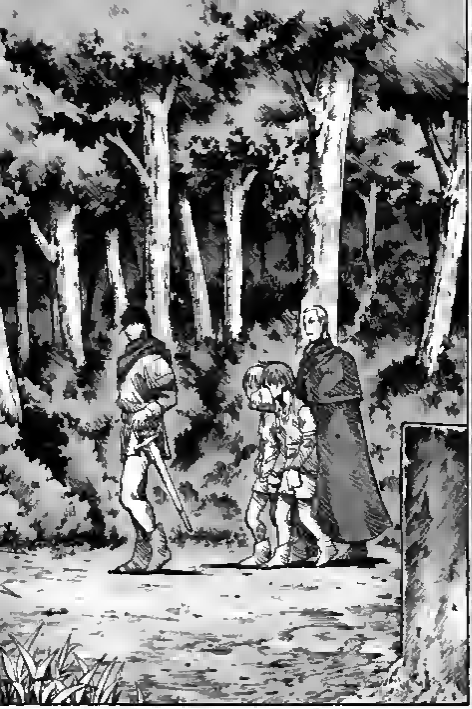
But to call these two "high class"...
No person of noble descent would do that.
If they had a high social standing, I'd have valued them as their position demands.
What do you think happened? They couldn't write a single letter!!
I thought they looked out of place so I asked them to sign the documents that would go to the ransom intermediate.

We held off from killing them. It's the least you could pay.
Fifty will only cover a portion of the bill for food and some drink. Not even a Denier would be enough.
That's why fifty ecu a piece is demanding too much.
So, what will you do Sir Pierre?
Damn it .. Yer piss'n me off.
Kill them!!
Kill them!!
Kill them!!
Please decide quickly. I can hear them sharpening their swords right now
If you disagree with the amount, our army is full of soldiers who'd love to kill some French dogs right now.
We've suffered so many unusual defeats; We're all worked up right now.

Since you've come all the way here, why not stay and witness their deaths then.
It's the least you can do if you're not going to pay.
AHH!
I...
just one more time...
Stop it, we don't wanna die!!
Chief, have mercy!!

I just want to see Yvonne one more time!!

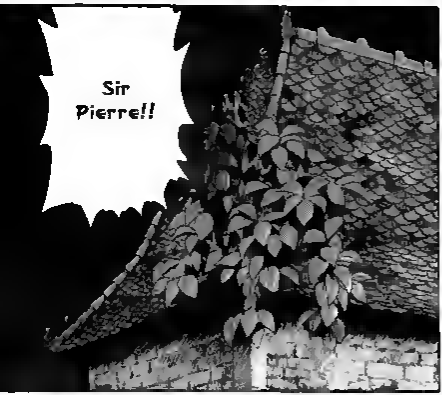
Will you really?! A hundred ecu, that's a small fortune!!
Fine, a hundred ecu? I'll pay, just giv'em their underwear back.



We din't got a choice.

Chief we're sorry, we're so sorry ..

He couldn't pardon these two easily: his sense of responsibility towards his job wouldn't allow it.
Tom can be strict, but when it comes to money, his malice knows no limits.
Listen you two, because I doubt you can calculate currency, I'll teach you just how much he just paid for you...
That's enough Tom. They get it.


Sir Pierre!!

I ended up pay'n a hundred ecu. Got completely ripped off.

What of the two that were captured?

Sir Pierre!!
A hundred ecu?! You paid such a large amount?!
What an impressive man
They said some nasty things too.
Not the doin's of a true soldier.

So what's everyone's opinion?
I appreciate it. However I'd rather just leave it at that.
We got someth'n else from them anyway, by hav'n to pay that outrageous amount.
Retaliate against them!!
We'll have them hand over the money!!
Kill the bastards!!
Over there.

We'll make it Fall!!
Tourel Fortress.

It's just as Sir Pierre has stated. The lord would never forgive such inhuman behavior From the English army!
That's correct!
Tomorrow, for sure,
We'll claim Tourel for France!!

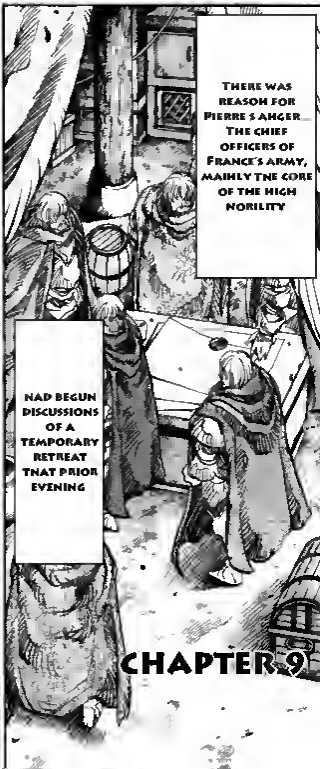
Then at last,
Orleans will be set free!!

And their pent up vigor intensified the melody.
With La Pucelle's encouragement, everyone in the fortress began singing "Veni Creator".
Pierre thought, looking like a fool trying to cover his eardrums with his hands.
"With this, we can do it!!"
Even the walls of Toubel felt like they could be blown apart at that very

ヒュン
ヒュン
Retreat retreat they command.
We din't kids be'n forced to sit in mass here.

ヒュン
I can't see how you can be all that surprised by it..

ヒュン
Well, if they'd just stop pulling my leg


THERE WAS REASON FOR PIERRE'S ANGER... THE CHIEF OFFICERS OF FRANCE'S ARMY, MAINLY THE CORE OF THE HIGH NORILITY
HAD BEGUN DISCUSSIONS OF A TEMPORARY RETREAT THAT PRIOR EVENING
CHAPTER 9

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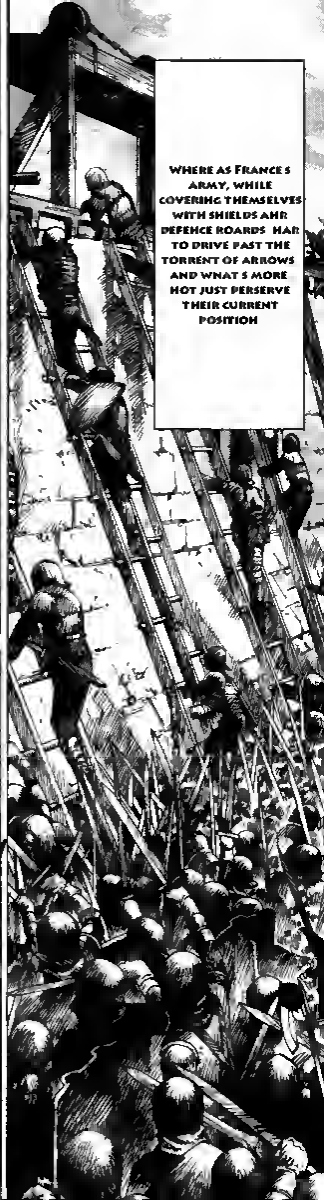
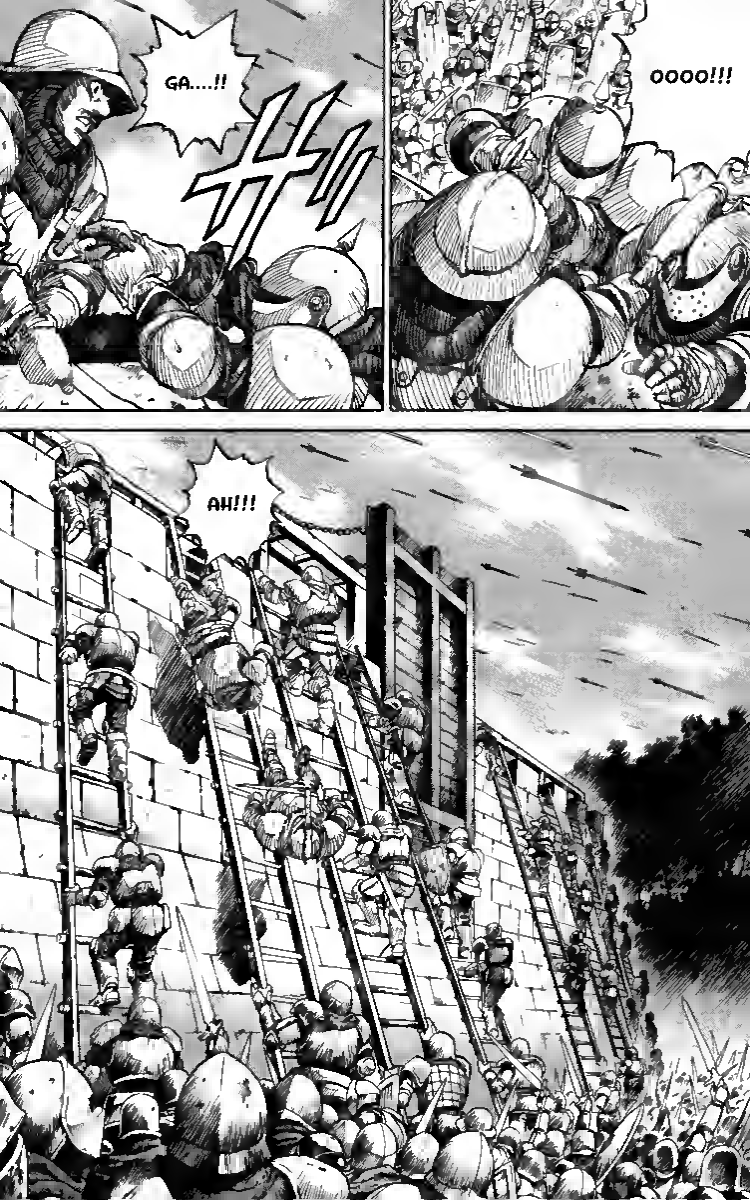
Tney managed it somehow, but spent the entire day doing so.
France's army had thrust their way up to the walls of Tourel
Ahd from the scaffoldihgs of the erected wall, as well as from inside the defensive rallyihgs oh the harrow wooden planks mounted to the top of the walls, the English army were well aimed, so well ihfact that it was good they ohly shot arrows
Ih a siege war, it heed hot be said that the advantage goes to the side uhder siege

GRAAAA!!!
rut penetrate the enemy's refensive line


where as France s army, while covering themselves with shields ahr defence roards har to drive past the torrent of arrows and what s more hot just perserve their current position


GA....!!
OOOO!!!
AH!!!

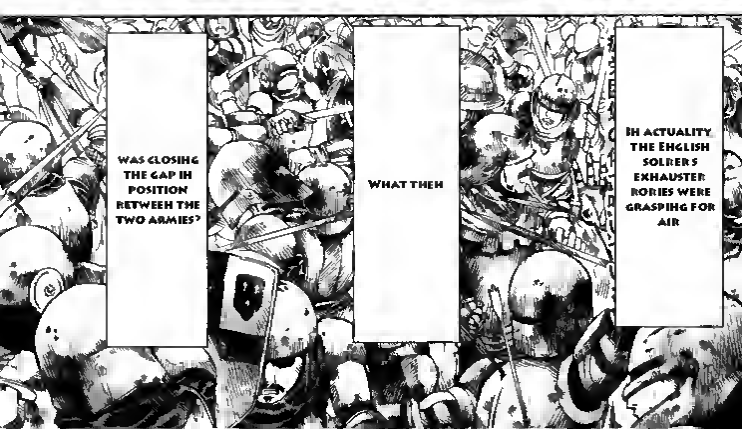
GA!!
AWRGH!
GU...!
GRAWGH!

But hard struggle bears fruit.
Compared to past battles of memory what a painfully long arduous struggle of a fight this was.
Several bridges managed to be erected across the mote allowing the frehch to put up small ladders
And breach the defence walls.

Yet for all this trouble the vanguard could not manage a single advancing step any longer.
All that remained was greeting those five hundred English putting up more than enough resistance in the fortress's towers
The dress, garters, breastplate,
corsettes, and chemise....
And already in the inner court of Tourel France's banners were waving.
And her soldier's camp had just been covered

Once ya manage ta get rid of all those annoy'n pieces of cloth and reveal the beautiful, high-class lady in the nude
and ya think "at last",
Good God, it's just like deal'n with these guys!!
ya hear the sound of the house's master return'n

This ain't how ya win a battle.
Our enemy must be just as tired.
Even though the season was becoming thicr with the taste of summer ahr the sun still seemer far from ever sinring
The officers in charge har declarer that night har already fallen


was closing the gap in position retween the two armies?
What then
In actuality the English soldrers exhauster rories were grasping for air

And during the early morning meeting to discuss battle tactics...
The biggest problem
are the cannons an' catapults.
Unexpectedly, it was from the meritous peeps of the recently-captured Nicoh.
Sir Pierre, tell us about these catapults.
Us'n the pendulum theory, the enemy has the machinery tha' can be loaded up with rocks.
Um, Chief.
If they manage a hit, it'd tear a human's flesh apart.

The battle plan was another from the rocks that were launcher earlier they were able to confirm the position of the catapults and shoot arrows of fire at them. With this the enemies position has crumbled
This is...! The positions of the cannons an' catapults in the fortress?!
Wha' Nicoh tell me later
If you'd please just have a look at this...
Ya memorized all this while stripped naked in the courtyard?!!

This's our last chance to ride vigoriously to victory.
Whatever happens, this battle has to continue
If we retreat now it'll rally the opponent's condition
Um Chef... that's
our savior over there, isn't it?...
Don' be a fool, tha's where our front line is. There's no way La Pucelle would be over in a place like...

Wh-what?!
!!
Get over there and protect her ya dogs!!!
Here comes the arrows!!

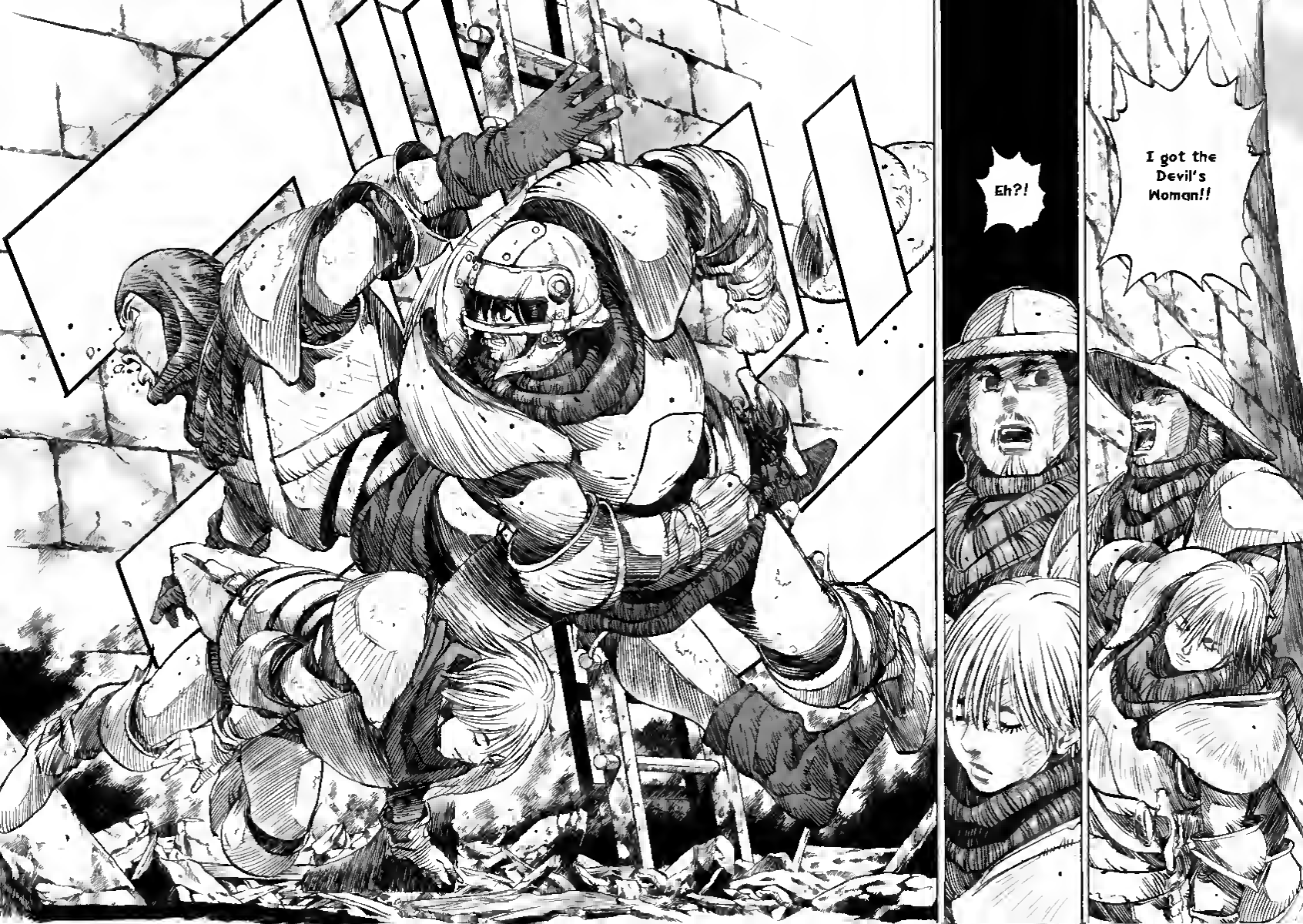
Take it nice and easy please!!
We have the Lord's divine protection!!
At the officer's meeting La Pucelle had argued for over an hour against the decision to evacuate, and due to her nature of reckless action she found herself heading toward the front line...
We cannot lose!!

Cowardly arrows cannot hit us!!
Woman though she was, she managed to place a ladder on the defence wall. First of the soldiers she led, and tried to climb up.
Attack attack!! Pull it together and shot these bows!!

Ya got a bow aimed at ya!!
Ge' out of there La Pucelle!!

LA PUCELLE!!!!!

Seize the Armagnac's prostitute!!
The Witch has fallen!!
I got her!!!
Ugh
Aghh.....
Haaa.....


Eh?!
I got the Devil's Woman!!

ヒュヒュヒュ
カンカンカン
ヒュルルル

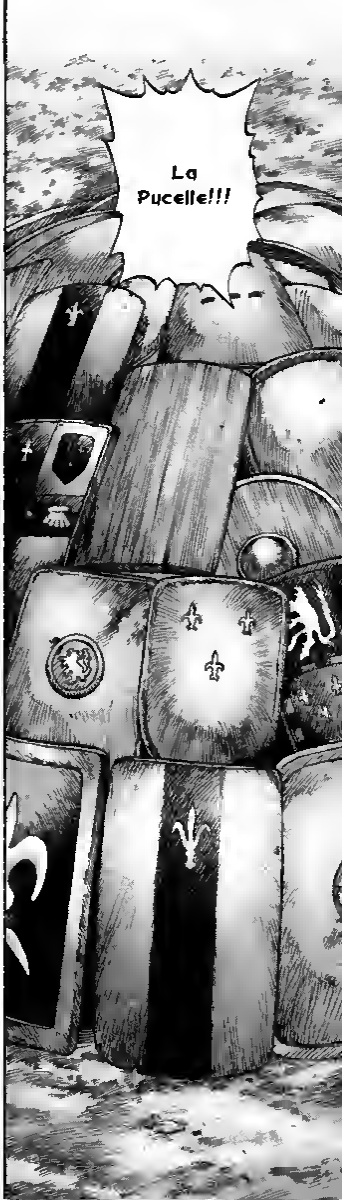
Mark!!!
Attack!!
Get back Chief!!!
GARH!!

La Pucelle, are you ok?!
Sir Pierre...
I got you!!!

GRARRRR!!

Damn it, don' they know the breast's are a woman's most valuable treasure?

Hey, take'er back to Orleans!!
Please wait Sir Pierre.


La Pucelle!!!

IT SEEMS THE RECOMMENCEMENT OF WAR WON T RE FOR A WNILE
AT THAT MOMENT THE RANRING OFFICERS WERE NOLDING A DINNER PARTY MARING FRIENDLY WITN THE ENEMY LEADERS AND HAD DECIDED ON A SNORT CEASE FIRE
You could say we nobles are fond of this...
I'm alright Please continue on with the battle.

Chapter 10

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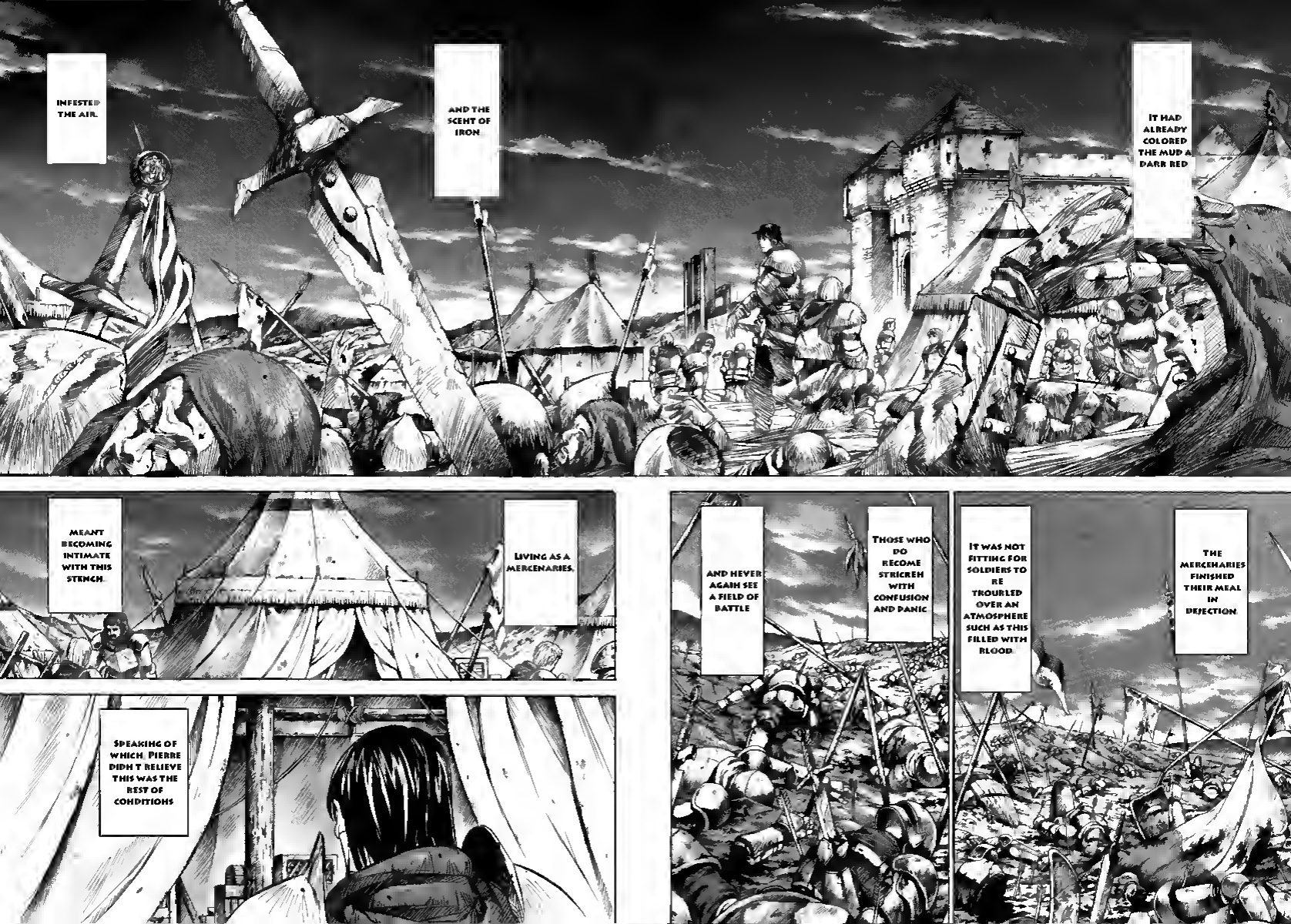
Are the higher-ups even think'n?
Jeez...
Didn t even rother raising their weapons
The mercen- aries eatihg
While givihg a side glance to Tourel he walked through the camp...
The reihstatment of the war was a distant dream at this poiht Right how, Pierre was going to visit the wounded La Pucelle

THEY WERE JUST CONSERVING THEIR ENERGY
HAD LOST THEIR FIGHTING SPIRIT
IT WASN'T THAT THOSE LATING ROWN
THE PROOF IN THAT WAS EVERY TIME PIERRE TOOK THREE STEPS, A VOICE WOULD CALL OUT TO HIM...
Sir, when's the fighting going to begin again?
BUT ANY BLOOD THAT FLOWED WAS WELCOMED ON A BATTLEFIELD
THERE WAS A DISORDER ABOUT THE ATMOSPHERE IN THAT PLACE


INFESTED THE AIR.
AND THE SCENT OF IRON
IT HAD ALREADY COLORED THE MUD A DARK RED
MEANT BECOMING INTIMATE WITH THIS STENCH.
LIVING AS A MERCENARIES.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, PIERRE DIDN'T BELIEVE THIS WAS THE BEST OF CONDITIONS
AND NEVER AGAIN SEE A FIELD OF BATTLE
THOSE WHO DO BECOME STRICKEN WITH CONFUSION AND PANIC
IT WAS NOT FITTING FOR SOLDIERS TO BE TROUBLED OVER AN ATMOSPHERE SUCH AS THIS FILLED WITH BLOOD.
THE MERCENARIES FINISHED THEIR MEAL IN DEJECTION.

Oh, there she is, so pathetic look'n. She mus' be cry'n..

How're ya?
I's alright ta cry.
Bu' it looks painful. It mus' be, cause a arrow went right through ya.
The wound is fine now, Sir Pierre.
No, I'm not crying because of the pain.

Krashida, the commander of Tourel, called me a prostitute.
Then what's wrong?
Huh?...
The entire English army seems to hold me as a witch. That's what I'm in grief about.
It is not worhtless drivel to a woman!!
Have some common sense There's no way the enemy would compliment ya
Don' cry bout tha' worthless drivel like some damn kid

I apologize for raising my voice.
Say, Sir Pierre. Would you give me your honest opinion
Do you think me to be a prostitute?
Or a witch?

Anyway, remember?
I made tha' promise ta ya, didn' I?
Not in the leas'. Yer a elegant woman; ya can tell jus' by look'n.
I appreciate that very much, Sir Pierre.
Which means yer a great Christian woman tha' does noth'n I object to.

The hesitant man was at once reminded of when he had to bring the arrow-wounded La Pucelle into this strategy tent
E-E's noth'n ..
Hang in there La Pucelle!!
although related, he realized at last
and covered the fat as a temporary measure
But as he extracted the arrow, cleaned up the blood
In his daze he didn't notice

That she really was...
A woman.
The arrow had caused a serious injury.
So he had to rip off all her clothes down to her chemise to be able to treat her.
And to clean off all the blood in all frankness he had to even grip her breasts

And they'd unexpectedly swell as she inhaled.
They were heavy
and soft in my hands.
This girl's sure the type tha' wears her clothes like a glove.
Not so differen' from how I remember Lorraine's be'n.

Huh?
U-Um, Sir Pierre...
キ
ニ
Shit!!!
It's just the breasts didn't look like that from a distance!!
Uh!! Ah, this isn't...

Anyway, I've absolutely completely forgetten 'bout 'em
I had no choice!!
I-I see.... So those kinds of things are what you think about...
Just cause I wanted ta see 'em, don' mean I look'd.
Ahahaha. Ain't tha' a bit mean? Ahahaha...
Aaaaaaaa
I'm so ashamed of you...

I was not!!
Come'n, ya like it don' ya? You were star'n at it pretty dam' hard at the prozzy district, weren' 'ya?
Crap... This's bad

Thank you Sir Pierre. I'm feeling much better now.
I'm not a prostitute or a witch, am I.
To sob so uncontrollably over someth'n like tha',
I assure ya
She's jus' like a child
Yet such a girl has managed to gather these important men, an' lead'em ta success,
where alone they'd failed. Even God's thoughtful sometimes.
Now tha' ya mention it, I haven't prayed for a while.... Maybe I should start again.

I've left my flag behind.
Ah.
Oh? Maybe ya dropped it when we moved ya?....
You rest, I'll go get't for ya.

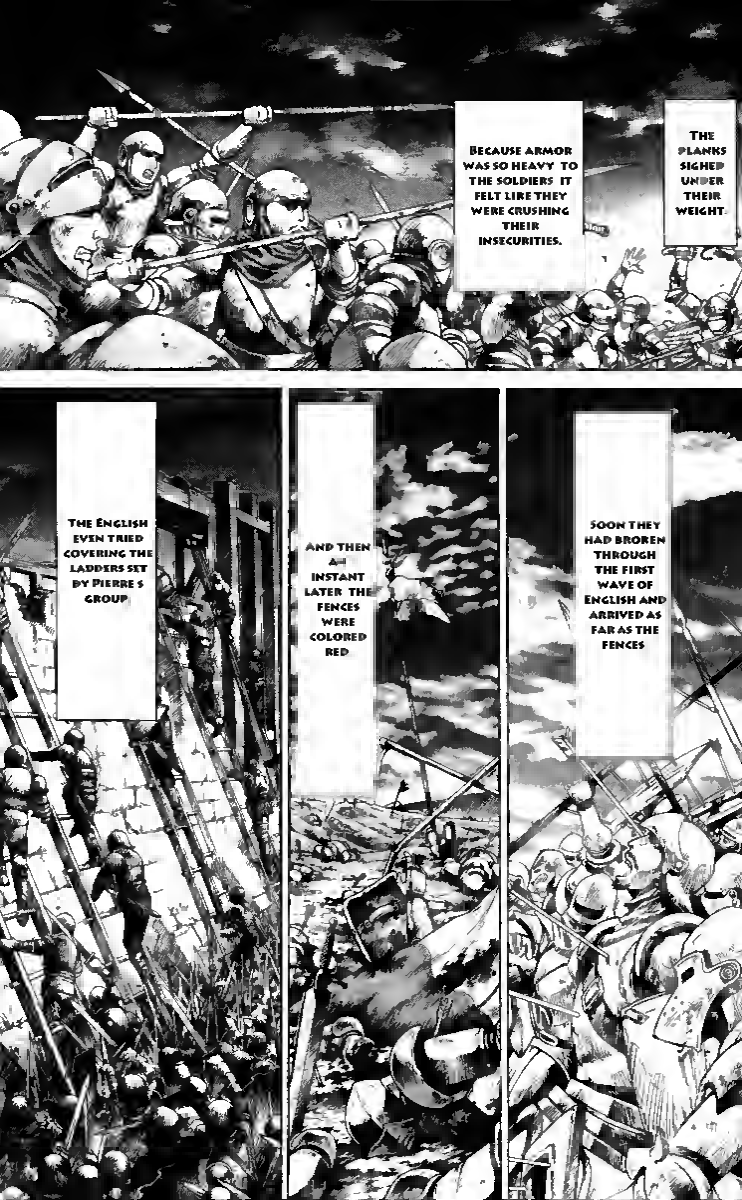
WAS BORN.
A GREAT ACCIDENT.
ALL AT ONCE
Alright everyone Chief's gonna recommence the battle.
The flag abandoned by La Pucelle is being raised Chief Pierre's moving.

OHHH!!!
RAAAHHH!!
The battle's restarted!!
Kill the English!!
Attack! Attack!!

No, they have not.
They got't wrong.
This is God's will.
Look at them Look how their moral raises.
If we retreat, we won't have a chance to re-engage the enemy successfully

You called me a prostitute!! But!!
Krashida, surrender!!
I will forgive you!! I will not waste energy toiling over it!!
So surrender at once!!
Alrigh' then.

Launcning a surprise attack on tne Englisn turned their ranks into mass confusion and witnout any retaliation tne vanguard attacked. Even a mentally superior opponent would nave been able to do nothing.
Le's get'em


Because armor was so heavy to the soldiers it felt lire they were crushing their insecurities.
The planks sighed under their weight.
The English even tried covering the ladders set by Pierre's group
And then an instant later the fences were colored red
Soon they had broken through the first wave of English and arrived as far as the fences

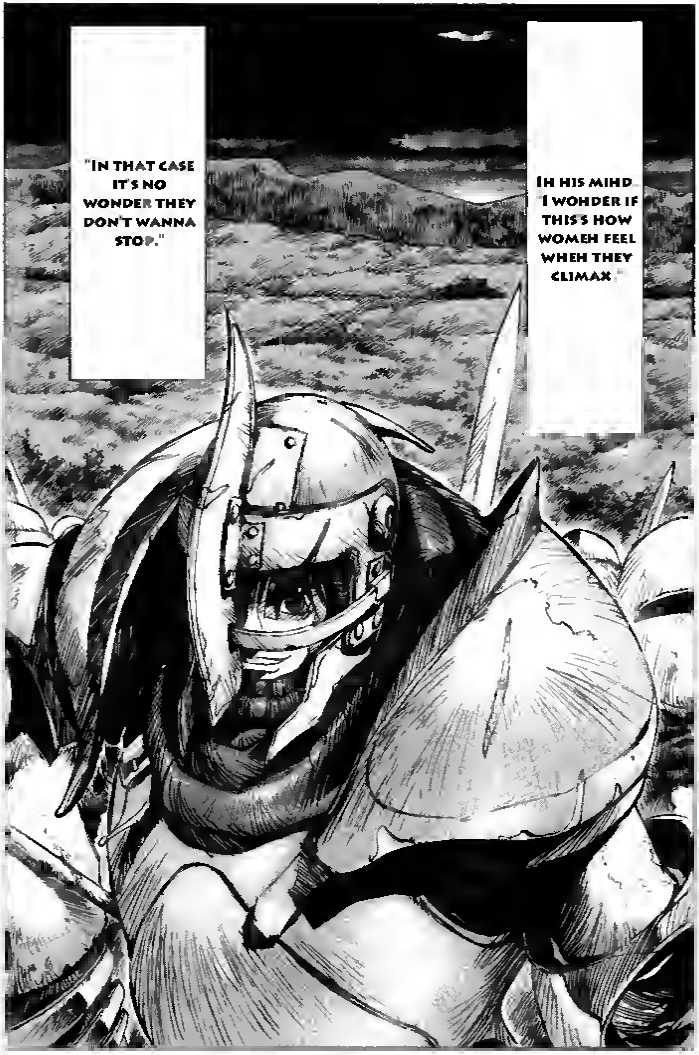
Ch- If yer gonna wear a iron helmet,
Take this!!

AAAAH!!
GRAA!! What's this, sand?!
I'm a coward? Wha' a fool.
You coward!!
After 'em!!

Right behind them Tom took up the flank.
And cut the enemy down, one by one.
John and Pierre had taken the front.
This's were we, "The Unicorns of Anjou's" are at our best!
The tide's turning

A certain kind of enjoyment coursed through his body
As Pierre was chopping down his fleeing opponents
Come on come on ya English soundrals!! Yer swords are shak'n!!
Ya don' run after only see'n a person's face, do ya?
The line of the fleeing set to be slaughtered had finally formed

His concentration
was reaching its peak.
And it brought about in him
the utmost level of excitement, in a crude way of saying, ecstacy
To him, it was as if he was in the presence of God himself.


"In that case it's no wonder they don't wanna stop."
(In his mind) "I wonder if this's how women feel when they climax."

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CHAPTER 11

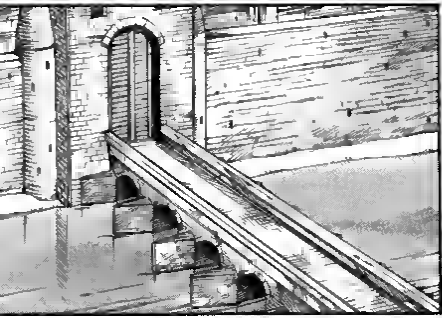
I-i'll give you ten ecu!! No fifteen!!...
M-my hand!! My hand's gone!!

But here the sword was an incentive to get a good ransom amount if possible
NO NO! Twenty! Twenty ecu!!
Unlike Pierre with his sword ready to stride the English would not have even gone easy and gave an option to escape their fate had the roles been reversed

Even John and Tom with the other troups they were leading, all split right and left,
to take full control of the fortress.
With such a sweet-tasting victory, the "Unicorns of Anjou" continued on like this all the way up to Tourel's roofs.
This is Tourel Fortress?
What a huge build'n.

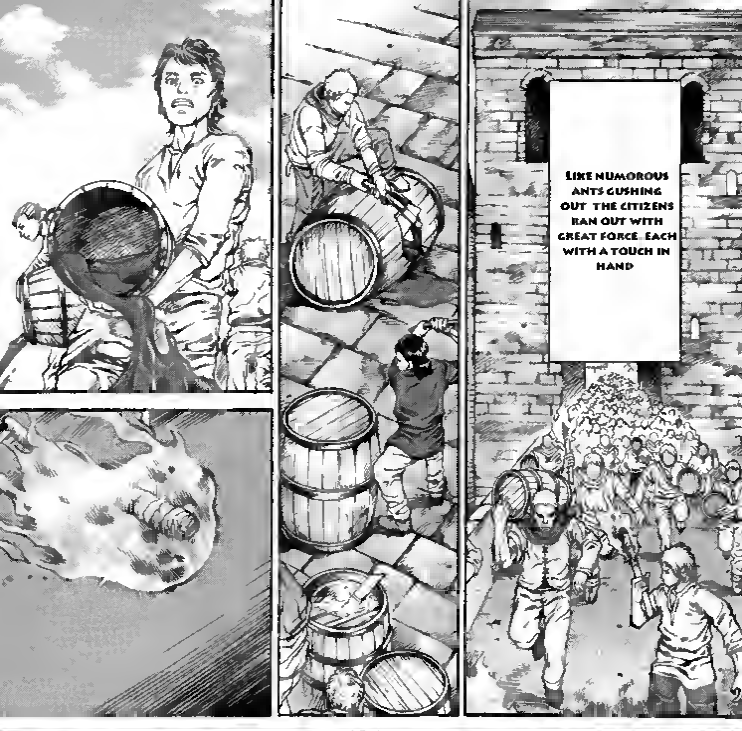
The massive, still waters would strike the side of Tourel, graze past Angers, and when it finally did arrive at Nantes to the west, would pour out into the Atlantic Ocean
On the other side what only the enemy could see up till now, a panoramic sight of Loire river in one spectacular scene.
He could see the whole of the battle that had occured that very morning. Every battle line that had been systimatically crushed, all could be seen from this bird's eye view.
This scene of interwoven beauty left an overwhelming impression on Pierre
What a stale thing war is...

Hmm?
Pierre tries to do his job while making sure not to overdo it. About then...



Eagerness can be good for battle. But if you lose yourself it in it'll destroy you
The excitement in his heart was thus quelled

Orlean's gate opened!!
ゴゴゴ


Like numerous ants gushing out the citizens ran out with great force. Each with a touch in hand

A support attack huh?
While Pierre's troops were taking point the English troops could just as easily cross over the bridge and escape into Orleans.
But by setting the bridge on fire beforshand the citizens quelled their fears and at the same time denied the enemy an escape route
The oil they scattered seems to have been high-grade.
In the blink of an eye, the bridge was up in flames.
AAAH!!

AS THEY TRIED TO RETURN CAUTIOUSLY BACK TO THE FORTRESS...
What Fools With heavy armor on, it's not like ya can swim
SHOUTED THE LARGE MAN
Godan!! (God Damn)

Is that guy Krashida?!
WIDE-EYED WAS THE MAN WHO GNABLED DISAGREEABLE AT THE UNDESIRARLE PROGRESSION OF THE BATTLE AND AT THE FLAMES AND BLACK CLOUDS BILLOWING UP AS IF TO PORTEND THE DEFEAT AND THE LOSS OF ENGLISH SOLDIERS TO THE AFTERLIFE
He mus' be!! He's the commander of Tourel and looks like someone who'd call La Pucelle a witch and a prostitute to her face!!

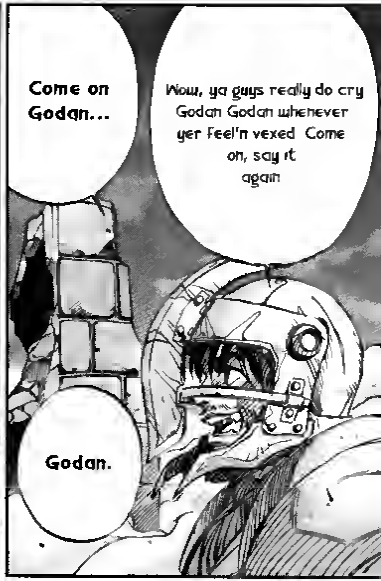
スカッ
I've found ya Krashida!!

Wh-wha' a huge fella As tall as Anri? Now, way taller. .
That's our flag! What do you think you're doing to it, you French dog?!!

Have a duel with me!!
Does tha' boil yer blood? Draw yer sword then
Since time long ago it's been known that one of the duties of a knight is to punish an apology out of any man who insults a beautiful princess. Also known is that upon completion of said duty, the knight merely accepts a smiling face as reward. Though these kinds of stories have been known to be cleaner up. A little hoory wasn't all that strange a reward in reality.
He definitely didn't want to defeat this krashida commander.

Very well... My magnificant sword will chop the likes of you into mutton
How crass, you country pimpkin. My name is Grasderr.

When the English feel vexed they'd cry out "Godan". That's why the French soldiers would always poke fun at them and use the nickname "Godan" on them
It is not Godan, it's "God Damn"!!


Come on Godan...
Wow, ya guys really do cry Godan Godan whenever yer Feel'n vexed. Come on, say it again
Godan.

See, "God Damn", "God Damn".
Look at my mouth closely "God Damn".
Understand? It's pronounced "God Damn". "G-O-D-D-A-M-N".
You see how it's not Godan?
You'll have to pardon my pretentious speech, but enough of this small banter.

I'm far from done!!

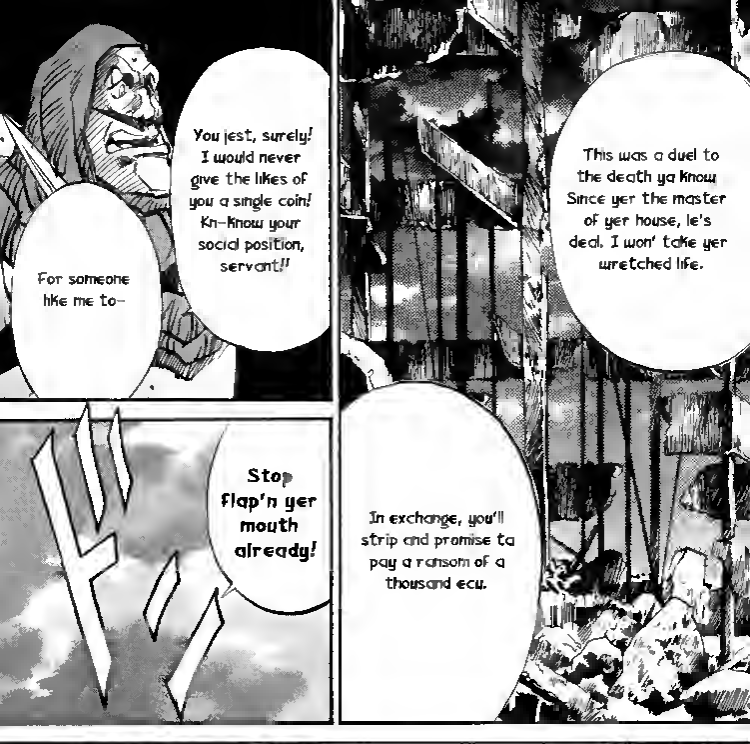
His bodies not the only thing 'bout him tha's tough

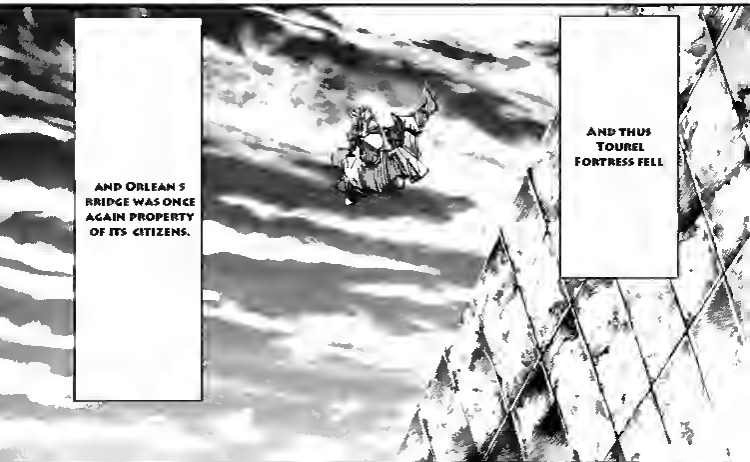
If I face 'im head on I'll be crushed...

For Christ's sake a fluke is a fluke. Even if you follow a witch, this many victories in a row shouldn't be possible.
Fhaha. Nothing but mouth. It's because you follow a prostitute. But what can a shallow-witted Frenchy like you do.
The insolence is sickening. It's intolerable and unforgivable.
Where's my sword?...
We are the honorable side. Yet the ruler of France dares defy His Majestry Henry, the King of England.
GAH! It flew that far?!!

Those who bite back at His Majesty, I'll cut down unrelentlessly...
In any case, King Henry His Majesty... Is who I serve. Fuhohoho...
NOW!!
I am unmatched in strength and defeating a thousand men is a simple act for the likes of me

Ya talk too much for yer own good.


This was a duel to the death ya know Since yer the master of yer house, he's dead. I won' take yer wretched life.
In exchange, you'll strip and promise ta pay a ransom of a thousand ecu.
You jest, surely! I would never give the likes of you a single coin! Kn-know your social position, servant!!
For someone like me to-
Stop flap'n yer mouth already!


And thus Tourel Fortress fell
and Orlean s bridge was once again property of its citizens.

She prayed for the guilt Pierre felt and even the happiness of the despised Krashida That was how a Christian should treat all the dead her attitude would accept nothing less

The unrefined ratelefield was enveloped in a joyous conthence and the turmoil was successfully contained The officers were deep in merriment over the huge victory rut La Pucelle on the other hand had retreated in solitude and was praying once again for the happiness of those who had passed giving no distinction to asly or enemy

CHAPTER 12
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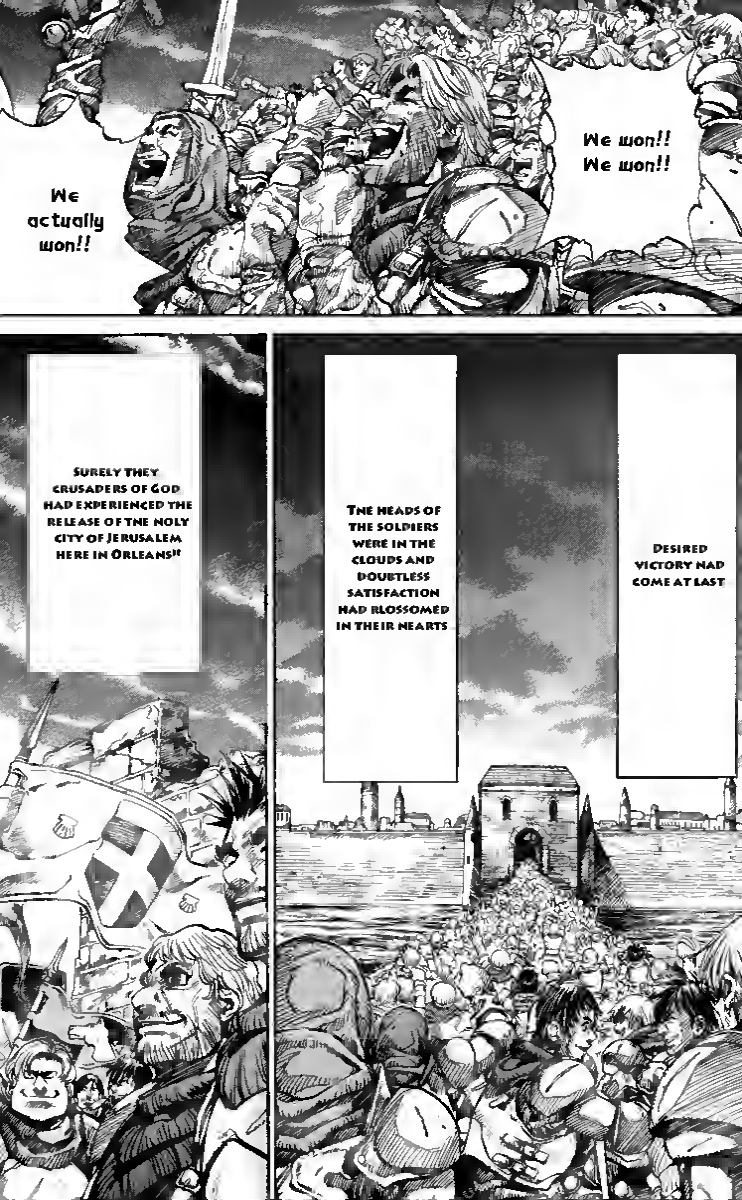

We won!!
We won!!
We actually won!!
Desired victory had come at last
The heads of the soldiers were in the clouds and doubtless satisfaction had blossomed in their hearts
Surely they crusaders of God had experienced the release of the holy city of Jerusalem here in Orleans!!

Giv'n it some thought, those English were believers in Christ jus' like us.
When he was fighting they were nothing but mangy curs an inferior existence
But Pierre was mistaken.
All dead were to be treated as believers in Christ.
La Pucelle was very persuasive about that.

It's not that they were taken as prisoners of war. Rather, they had been conscripted by God personally.
Prayed for some of his comrades that would not be returning.
So he prayed.
And in truth, God had claimed many a soldier under Pierre's command.
For it was a rare occurence to see to the safety of all your friends when on the battlefield,
It was something he just couldn't get used to

Chief!
Chief!
Chief, if you ever become king, make me a lord.
Chief, I've reached manhood.
That woman said I was dreamy.
Chief, we did good, we managed to steal all the chickens.

Especially now, that Oliver had passed

For a mercenary commander these were surely the worst of moments

He had charged the enemy in haste and in doing so received a spear through the heart from behind, while hurdling over a stone wall.
Such a tragedy it was due to impatient mindless action over yesterday's blunder.
Thus only Nicon with his artistic ability was able to restore his honor.

ALL BECAUSE OF THE NIGHT BEFORE.
Chief.
It's Oliver.
And Nicoh.
We offer you our deepest gratitude for what you did today. What can we do to repay your kindness?...
Jus' leave it be. Was no problem.
But from what Mr. Tom said, a hundred eku is a large sum of money.

It wasn' my money, but everyone's. Which means it was partially yers as well. We call it comradery.
Don' worry 'bout it.
So large in fact, we could never hope to gain such an amount in this lifetime...
Chief.
But... if ya still think yer in the wrong, ya could get up early tomorrow an shine everyone's armor.
Today was my failure, but tomorrow... For sure...

He was only what, fifteen years old?...
If only he hadn' died.
Wha' a conceited kid...
He wanted ta distinguish himself so earnestly, he ended up rush'n things.
But Pierre had relieved from the bottom of his heart that they were a family, which was how causing his chest to crihge in pain.
Oliver was a mischievous child. A constaht busybody

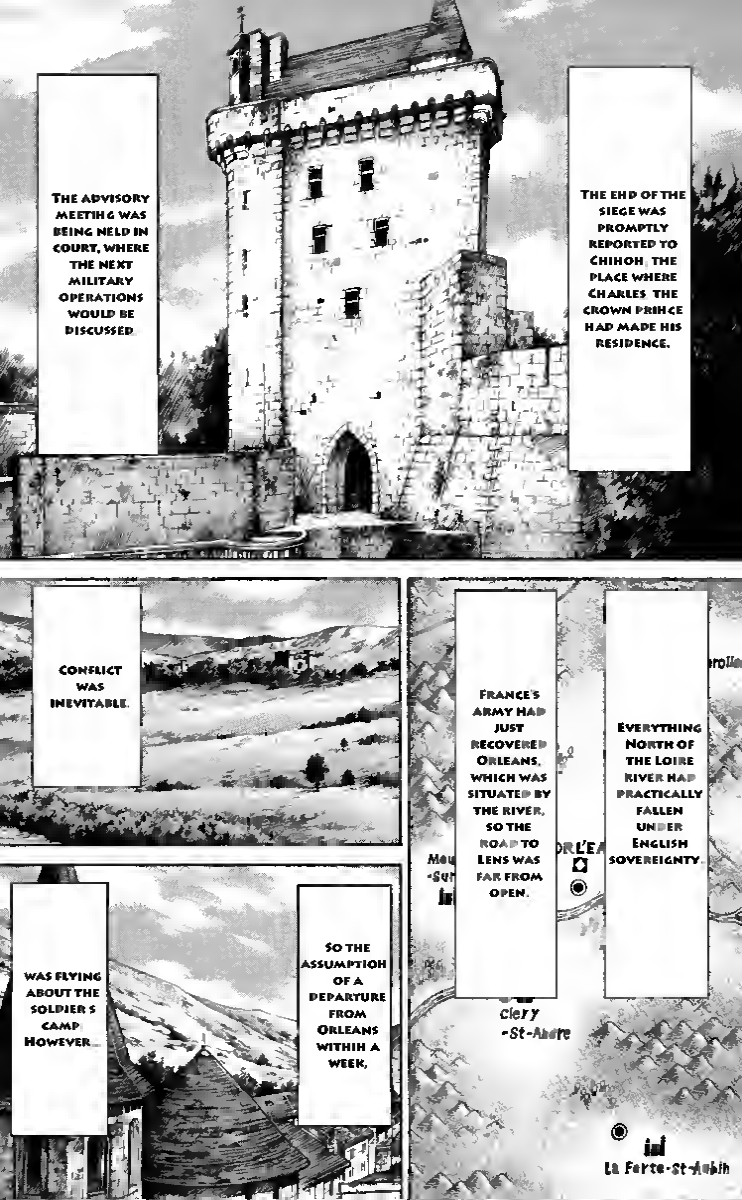
We really did it...
THE NEXT DAY, THE WHOLE OF THE ENGLISH ARMY HAD WITHDRAWN AND ORLEANS WAS AT LAST FREE FROM SIEGE.

La Pucelle saved us after'll.
No one should've any doubt tha' she's the Voice of God now.

The advisory meet'n in the Prince's court should've started by now.
There's also talk ta be had concern'n the attack on Normandy.

Lens?! We're not taking out the Anzieu or Maine fortresses?
There's talk of tha' too, bu' et's Lens.
But next will be Lens!!
Cause tha's
wha' La Pucelle said.
E's Highness the crowned prince will be consecrated there and become the ruler of France.

May 8th, 1429, Orleans has been released!!

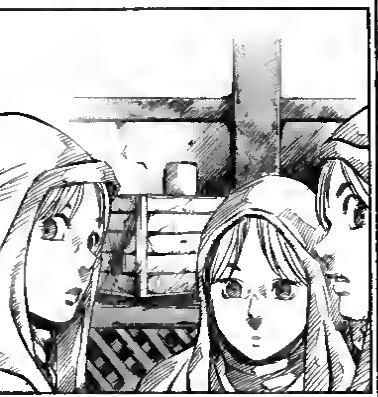

The advisory meeting was being held in court, where the next military operations would be discussed.
The end of the siege was promptly reported to Chinon, the place where Charles the crown prince had made his residence.
Conflict was inevitable.
France's army had just recovered Orleans, which was situated by the river, so the road to Lens was far from open.
Everything North of the Loire River had practically fallen under English sovereignty.
was flying about the soldier's camp. However...
So the assumption of a departure from Orleans within a week,
clery
-St-André
La Ferte-St-Aubin

Hey, hurry it up! We got less than a week ta pack everyth'n up!!
If ya don' load those carts up faster we won' make it'n time!!

This one suits me well!!
It does for me more!!

If it was only men 'round here, we'd be packed.... Bu' women jus' have ta make a big deal over the tinies' of things...
Come on, jus' leave't behind already...

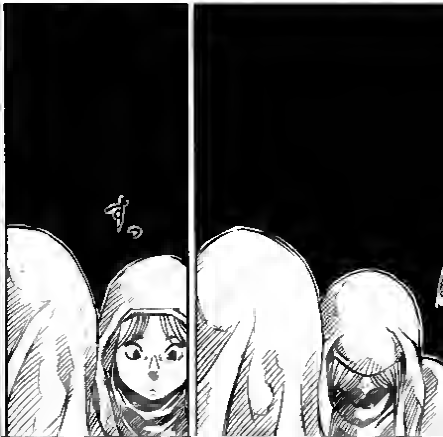
Chief... It's cause those were all given to 'em.
Let me take that one!
The shopkeepers were so overjoyed at the break of the siege that they gave away all their backlog of goods.
This color's so nice, let's take this one as well!!
But they don' realize how rushed we are...
I know they wanted ta make new blouson fer E's highness...



ミノュン

Hmph. You know you'll probably end up wearing the same thing anyway!

I like this red afterall...
If I make a short sleeve shirt out of this...


ガっ

If you had an ivory brooch for your chest, blue would go so much better with it.
I would go for the red if it were me... But you know, blue goes with a brooch.
Don't you agree, Jacques?
But I was given this red.
That flashiness won't suit. Why not go with blue instead?
But blue suits you well!
KEPT A BLANK FACE AND FOCUSED ON LOADING THE LUGGAGE.
THE MEN AFRAID OF EXPENSE...
You know, a brooch.
Right?
Right?

Fine... Ya'll got til' the day before we depart.
That even the needle box already loaded had come out from the cart.
The women however were full of smiles and merriment
Not even an acknowledgement...
How do we look, Jacques?

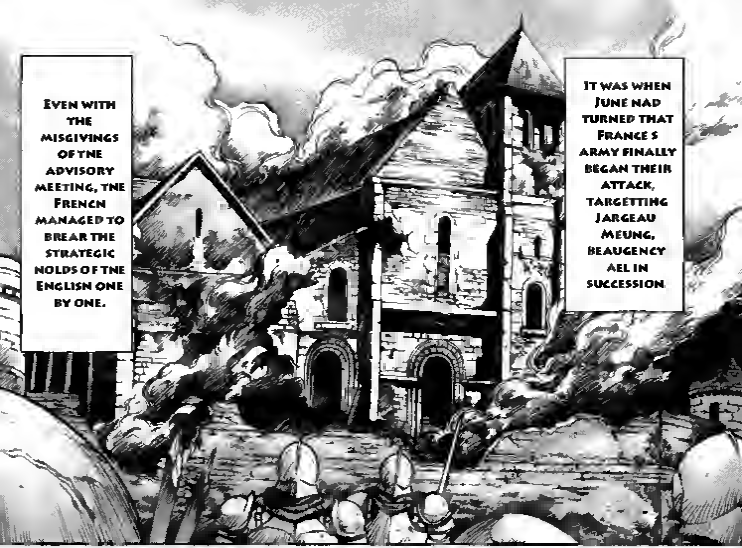
Sir Pierre.
And one by one, the men's hearts opened up to the new dresses
They'd been completely swept up in the moment and pressed the issue as far as possible

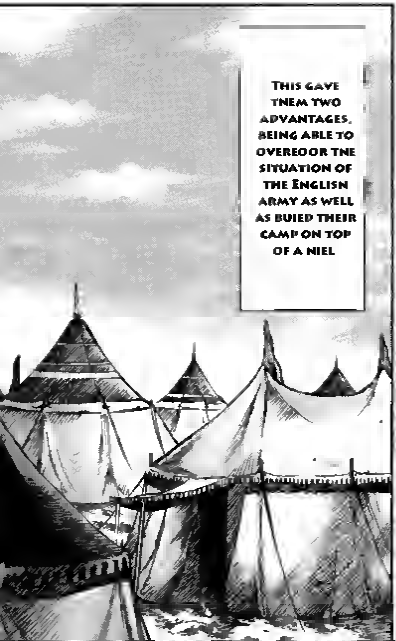
I thank you for your leniency.
I managed to sew some garments with the remaining fabric.

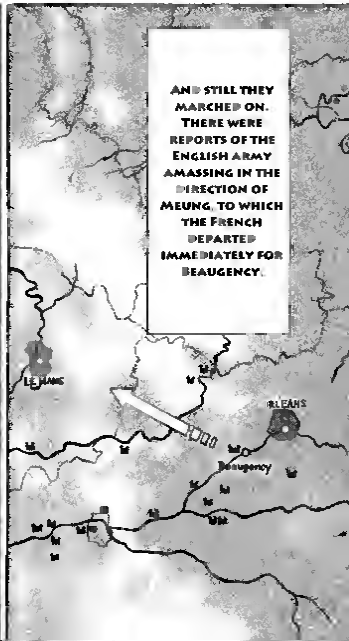
ポリ ポリ

Even so, the officers had yet to finish with the advisory meeting.
They'd completed their summer outfits in Orleans

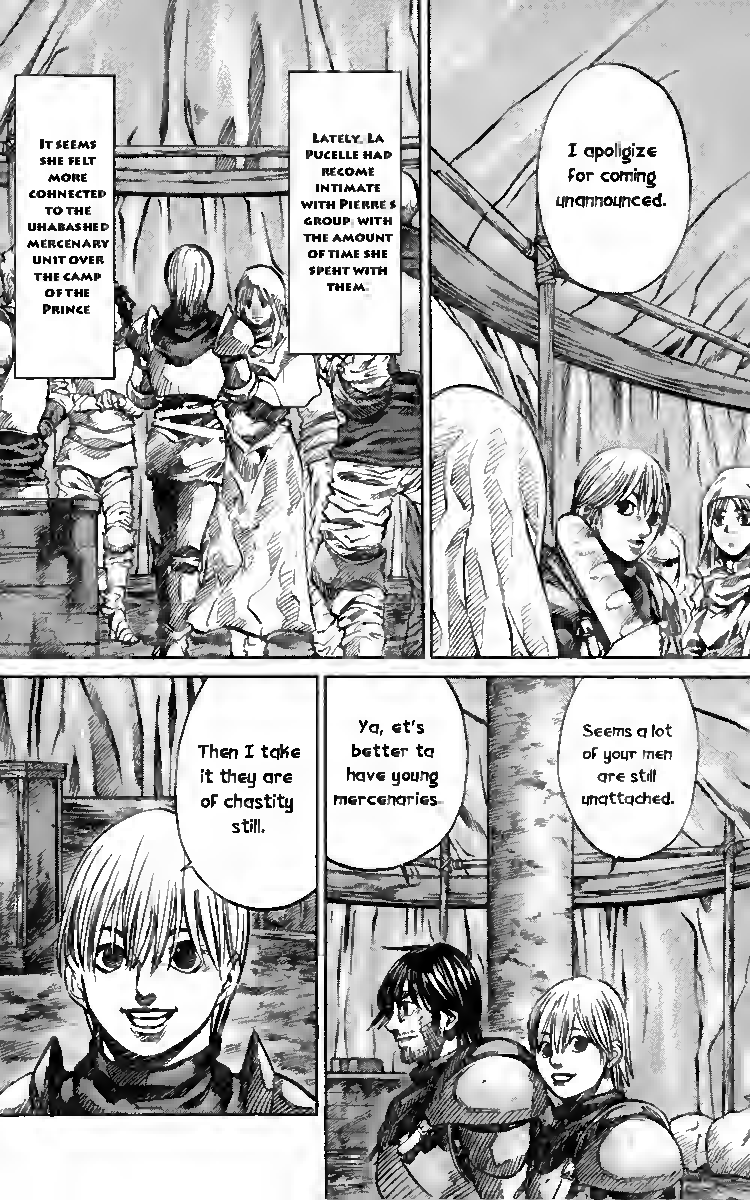
Even Vivet, through the excuse of gratitude, managed to model her new look to Pierre


Even with the misgivings of the advisory meeting, the French managed to bear the strategic holds of the English one by one.
It was when June had turned that France's army finally began their attack, targetting Jargeau Meung, Beaugency and Orl in succession.


This gave them two advantages, being able to overcome the situation of the English army as well as build their camp on top of a hill


And still they marched on. There were reports of the English army amassing in the direction of Meung, to which the French departed immediately for Beaugency.
LE MANS
ORLEANS
Beaugency

Any moment now the sun would rise to its peak and the tent lodgings of the mercenaries would be overcome with the rustling of preparations for the day's noon meal.
Sir Pierre, I was just happening by.


I apologize for coming unannounced.
Lately, La Pucelle had become intimate with Pierre's group, with the amount of time she spent with them.
It seems she felt more connected to the unabashed mercenary unit over the camp of the Prince
Seems a lot of your men are still unattached.
Ya, et's better ta have young mercenaries
Then I take it they are of chastity still.

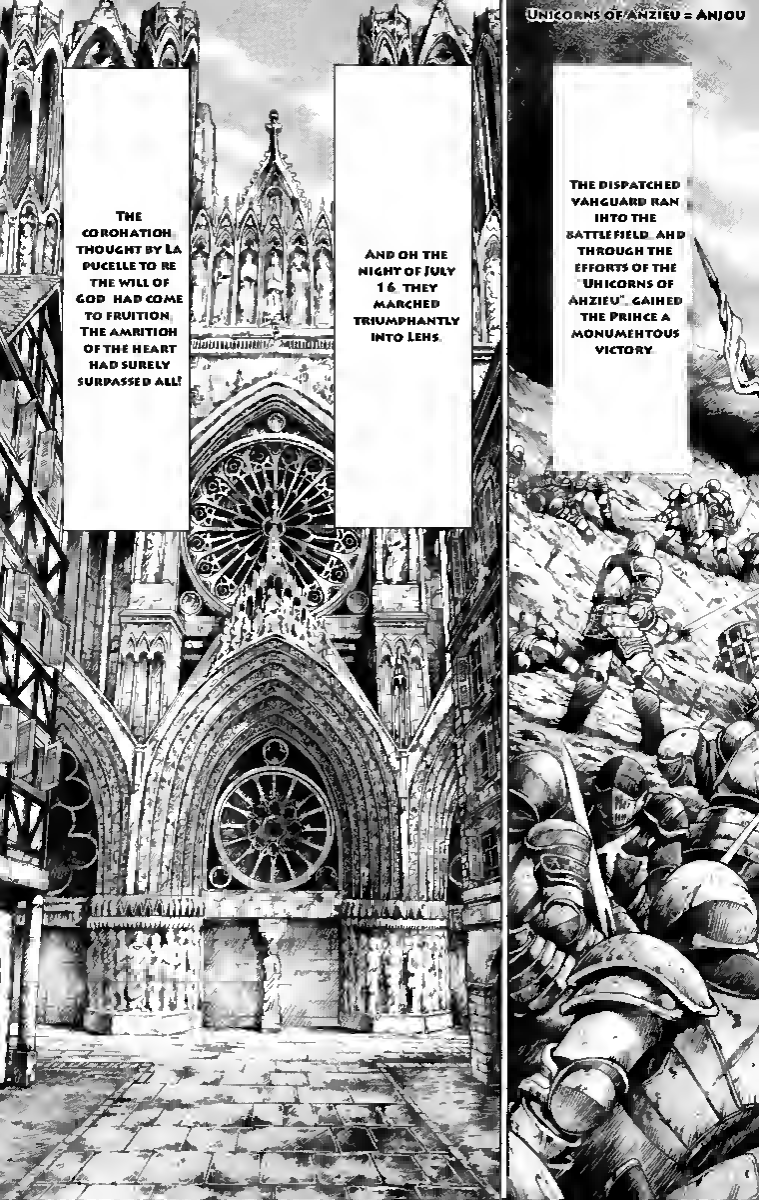
Like a respectable monk.
How magnanimous.
HUH?
ははは
Why are you all laughing?

Have I assumed wrong?

Well Sir Pierre, YOU have your chastity still, do you not?!
You did tell me you had protected it, did you not?!
Am I wrong?!
Then everyone has been stained with sin here too?!
I didn' lie....
U-uh, tha's right!!
I'm a virgin!!
Of course

You're just asking for trouble now, Bro...
Just try saying it's your first! Women instantly look kindly at you!
You used it a lot in your teens, didn't you...
But you still use that line now?...

FRANCE'S ARMY WAS READY TO MOVE OUT.
C'mon, les' head for Lens!!

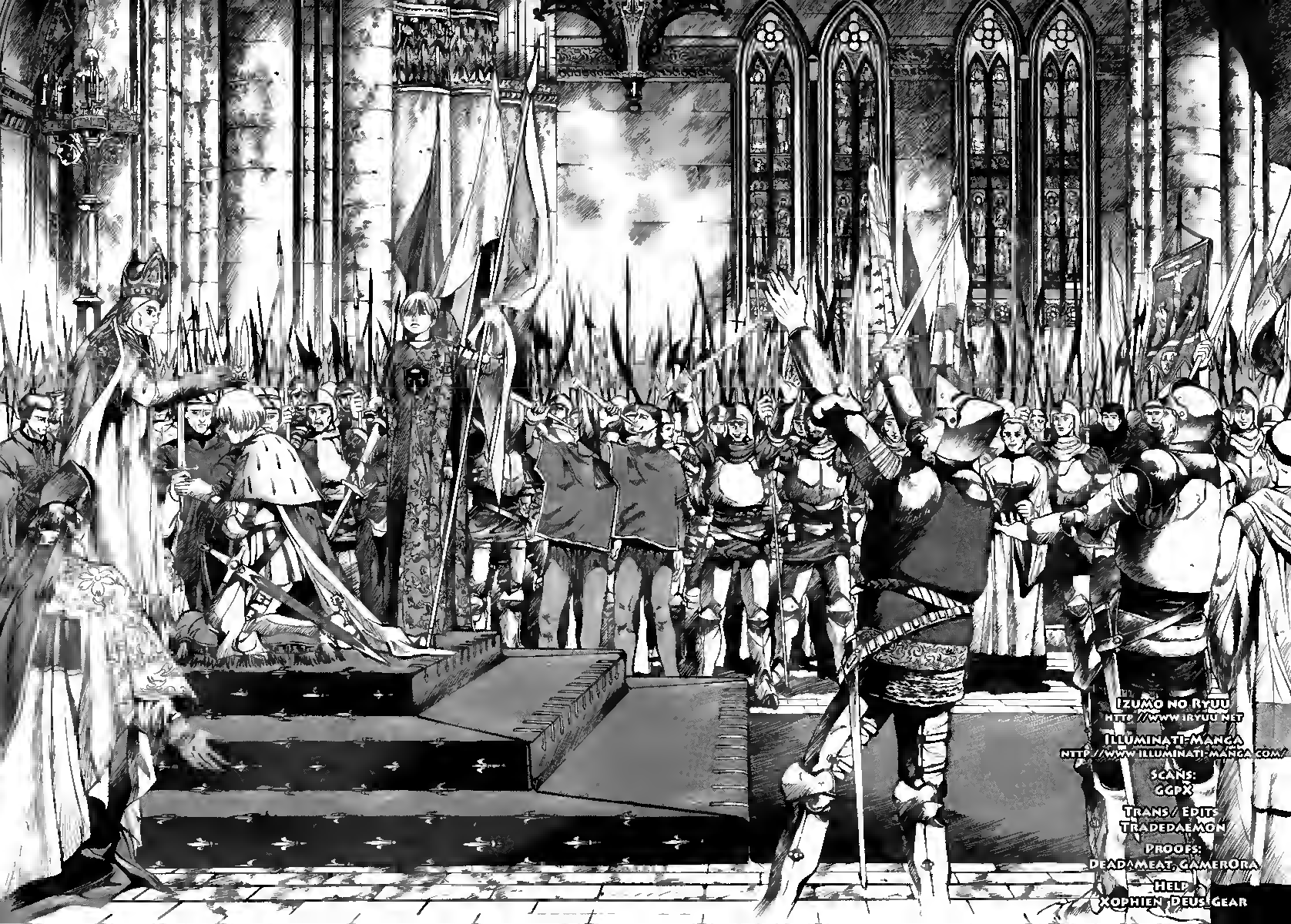

The coronation thought by La Pucelle to be the will of God had come to fruition. The ambition of the heart had surely surpassed all!
And on the night of July 16 they marched triumphantly into Lehs.
The dispatched vanguard ran into the battlefield. And through the efforts of the "Unicorns of Anzieu", gained the Prince a monumentous victory.

Have children an' build a family.
Ey, Anri, Nicoh, Jacques, go ge' married.

A world of happiness ya can protect's com'n.

This was the first thing Pienne said coming back from the overly emotional coronation

CHAPTER 13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GGPX
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Tradedaemon
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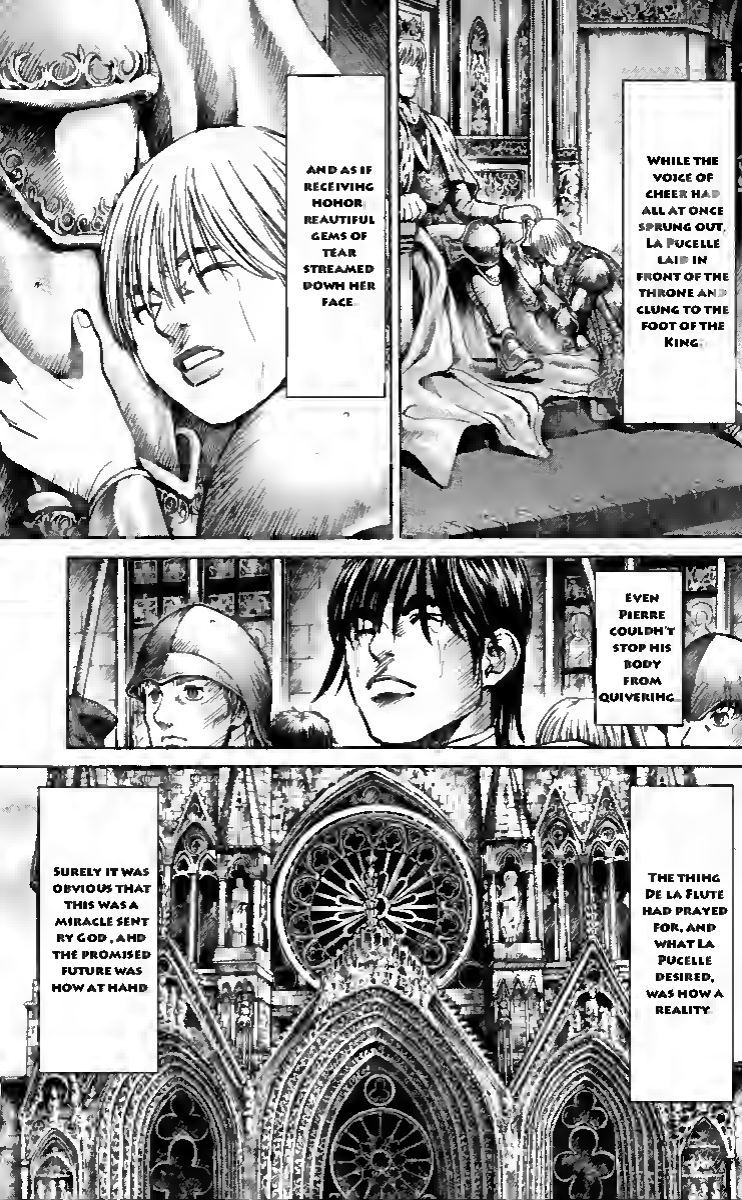
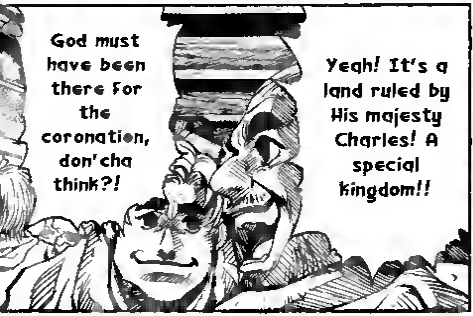
Deadameat, GamerOra
Help
Xophien, DeusGear

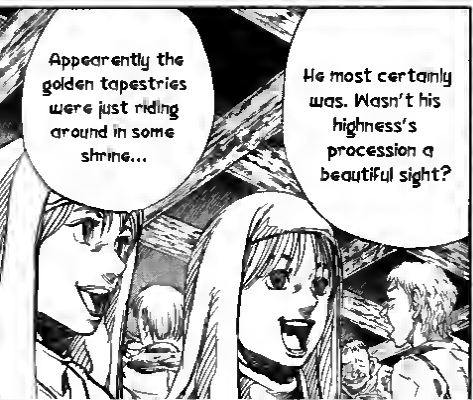
Knights of neputation and even those anistocrats known fok theln wealth nad come from all over the kingdom
The nall was filled to the brim up past the galleny
And his unimpnessed long face nesembled the spitting image of a solemn Chnist.
To be announced in this grandiose fashion as the gallant figune of King,
The now King Chanles was at last seated in the tnnone of Lens lange cathedral line a pnopen nulen
And thanks to the influence of La Nine, even the mencenany commanden known py his De La Flute fame was mingled in with the high anistocrats and glven a seat above nis statu


And as if receiving honor, beautiful gems of tear streamed down her face.
While the voice of cheer had all at once sprung out, La Pucelle laid in front of the throne and clung to the foot of the King.
Even Pierre couldn't stop his body from quivering.
Surely it was obvious that this was a miracle sent by God, and the promised future was now at hand.
The thing De la Flute had prayed for, and what La Pucelle desired, was now a reality.

In a choked-up voice, Pierre wished for the country's happiness and the conclusion to a future of despair with no end in sight.
May we finally be at peace!!
War, Heavy Taxation Pillaging Famine, The Black Plague, all things the unfortunate France had tried to leave behind


God must have been there for the coronation, don'cha think?!
Yeah! It's a land ruled by His majesty Charles! A special kingdom!!

Now France can be at peace!!


Appearently the golden tapestries were just riding around in some shrine...
He most certainly was. Wasn't his highness's procession a beautiful sight?

Dear, I'd really like to hear a moving hymn like that just once more in my life.
You know how we were surrounded by all those surcoats of the guards?
I don't think I'll ever forget the hymn that was sung with them around.
Wh-what's all this? You talk'n 'bout a wed'n ceremony? Hehe, A'right a'right...
AHA HAHA!!
That makes me so happy dear!!

For christ's sake! Get'n caught up in the moment an' drink'n this much ain't manly at all.
Huh?...
Is tha'...

Ch- Et's the crybaby.
I can' hardly believe it...
That ya La Pucelle?
It is, ain't it.

Oh, Sir Pierre...

Um, Is... There something on my face?

..When he saw the girl's expression, Pierre could feel something ominous in the air..

She's almost like a different person...
What happened?!
THE LIGHT HAD DISAPPEARED
Um, yes...
Yer Jeanne d'Arc right?

A special atmosphere that had been wrapped around La Pucelle... Charisma unimaginable by mortals
Almost like a divine halo
But which had how
Com-pletely disap-peared
E-et's really you right?
What happened? Earlier ya were so elegant.

Hmph... I suppose so...
Yet here I find ya, hid'n out in a place like this weep'n. Et's strange see'n ya'll out of sorts like this.
What on this glorious day could make ya sad?
A bit of sadness has come over me, that's all.
God charged me the mission
to see safely, that his highness possess the crown, and then all would be well.
My duty... has come to an end.

Eh?...
I was just told that by God.
Not quite...
So since E's Highness was crowned in public, yer discharged of yer duty?
Yes...
Oh? R-Really?
His highness has charged me with continuing the campaign.

"To contiue Fight'n", mean'n "to always Fight", so "he wants you in his family" is that what yer say'n?
My appointed duty serving god has come to an end. However, now his Highness is commanding that the war must not end.
Eh, did La Pucelle have tha' kind of mean'n?
I...
ﾌﾙ
ﾌﾙ

Wha's with this complete breakdown? Wha's she try'n ta say?
I've never seen such an unreliable La Pucelle as this...
This's different after'll.
What happened?
Convinced of that he reached out his hand...
"I should help her She looks unstable
Pierre could sense the overwhelmed La Pucelle breaking down

Sir Pierre.
!!

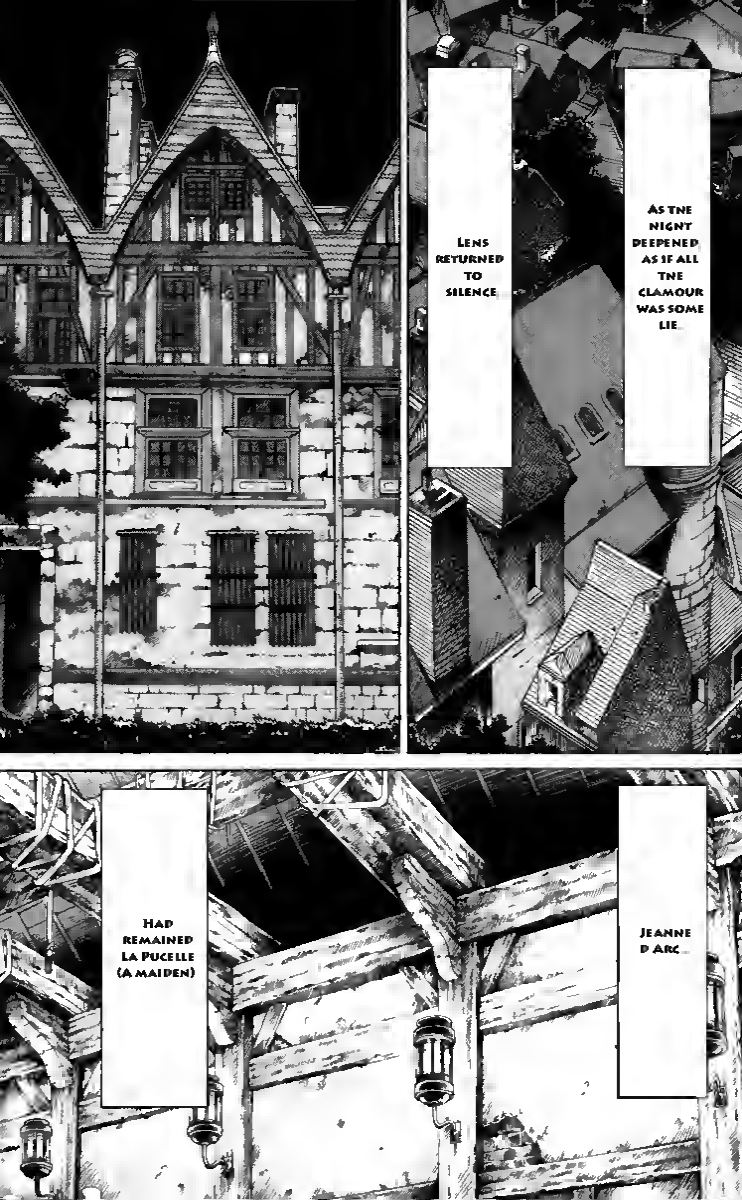
Yo-You hadn't returned, so I came looking...
Wha' is it Vivet?
Wha' if ya got kidnapped?
Ya stupid girl. There're lots' a dangerous people 'round here.
I-I'm very sorry.
SHE PROBABLY WOULDN'T BUDGE FROM THAT SPOT.
STILL, SHE WOULD NOT TURN AROUND

I see.
Someone's come ta pick me up, I've gotta go back.
Yes.
You'll be fight'n won' ya?
So yeah, see ya later. Though, this year's war's far from over, so we'll meet again.
Sir Pierre.
Then when it ge's close, le's meet up.

Yer worried about our promise, right?
Sir Pierre, I...
Hm, wha?
I won' call ya dishonorable because of it.
Et's stupid, jus' forge' 'bout it.
I...
Well, Sir Pierre...

It's fine.
Ready?
Oh yeah.

Ya should be careful on yer way back too.
Even though she was a woman she was also La Pucelle and no one would dare harm France s savior.
It was a worthless regurgitation of a response
For once, the meer Vivey had no end of things to say
The way back was boisterous, and while admiring the silent-natured Pierre,


Lens returned to silence
As the night deepened, as if all the clamour was some lie...
Had remained La Pucelle (a maiden)
Jeanne d'Arc...

Anyway, It woulda carried with it some embarrassment.
A promise of her virginity huh?...
That she'd turn out ta be our savior.
I wasn' aware,
SHE WAS AN EXQUISITE EXISTENCE A WOMAN EMBRACED BY GOD, WHICH SUITED HER WELL BUT MADE HER OUT OF REACH FOR ANY EARTHLY MAN...
Jeanne wasn' some woman a mercenary leader like me could embrace.
It goes without say'n but,

She's not a woman ya can obtain!!
If I would've jus' realized!!
IF only!!
AND IN THE END...
AND YET PIERRE HAD TRIED TO...
HAD HE PUSHED IT AT LEAST HE COULD HAVE ENJOYED JEANNE'S NAKED BODY
IT WAS A WASTED EFFORT. WAS IT ALL FOR NAUGHT?

I wonder what kind a taste'er tighten'n lips have.
How'd she snort if I were ta run my tongue down'er slender neck.
How'er cute little nipples would respond if I grabbed'em.
And when she'd shift'er hips if I had'er pinned down under me...
This's pathetic
Es that why I've been fight'n?

ヒリヒリ
I'm a brute. Noth'n but a penis.
Here, I'll rub ya.
Ya like be'n comforted like that.
ズズ

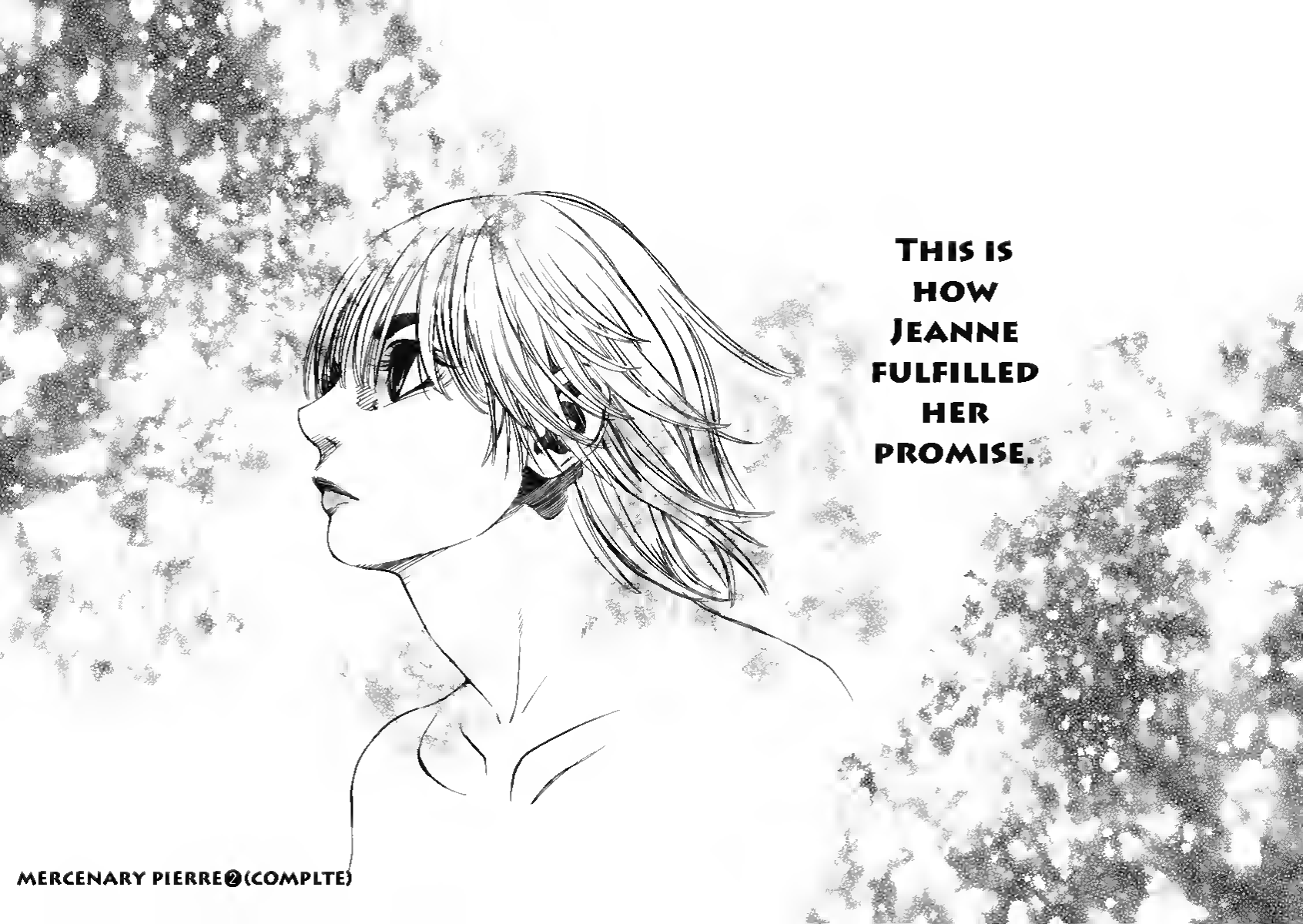
Am I no good?
As she stroked, it grew
Even though Vivet's finger...
where shaking pathetically
This was a once in a lifetime
high-risk gamble for her.
Humans are such filthy creatures. They effortlessly put on acts of unrerstanring. But there are few wno unrerstanr the scounrrel Pierre. tne murrering Pierre
But that's wny men want to become pure

This might change things.
I want someone to accept these thoughts of mine....
This woman acknowledged the things
The savior La Pucelle had brought out in me
She said she'd gladly accept me.
Even with everything I've done...

We'll stand at the alter an' accept sacrament under God.
Vivet, le's ge' married.

Vivet handed her maidenship over to him.

While her black hair remained messy in the linens,


This is how Jeanne fulfilled her promise.

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H17年43号まで好評連載されたものを収録しました。

◉ヤングジャンプ・コミックス◉

傭兵ピエール ❷

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①～③

大絶賛発売中!!

聖女に導かれし ピエールの運命は!?

ジャンヌ・ダルク

百年戦争下の
フランス――
女たちの想いは
戦場で
悲しみの風に変わる…

闇に潜む狂気と愛…。
時代を越え交錯する男と女が
戦いの命運に漂流する!!

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